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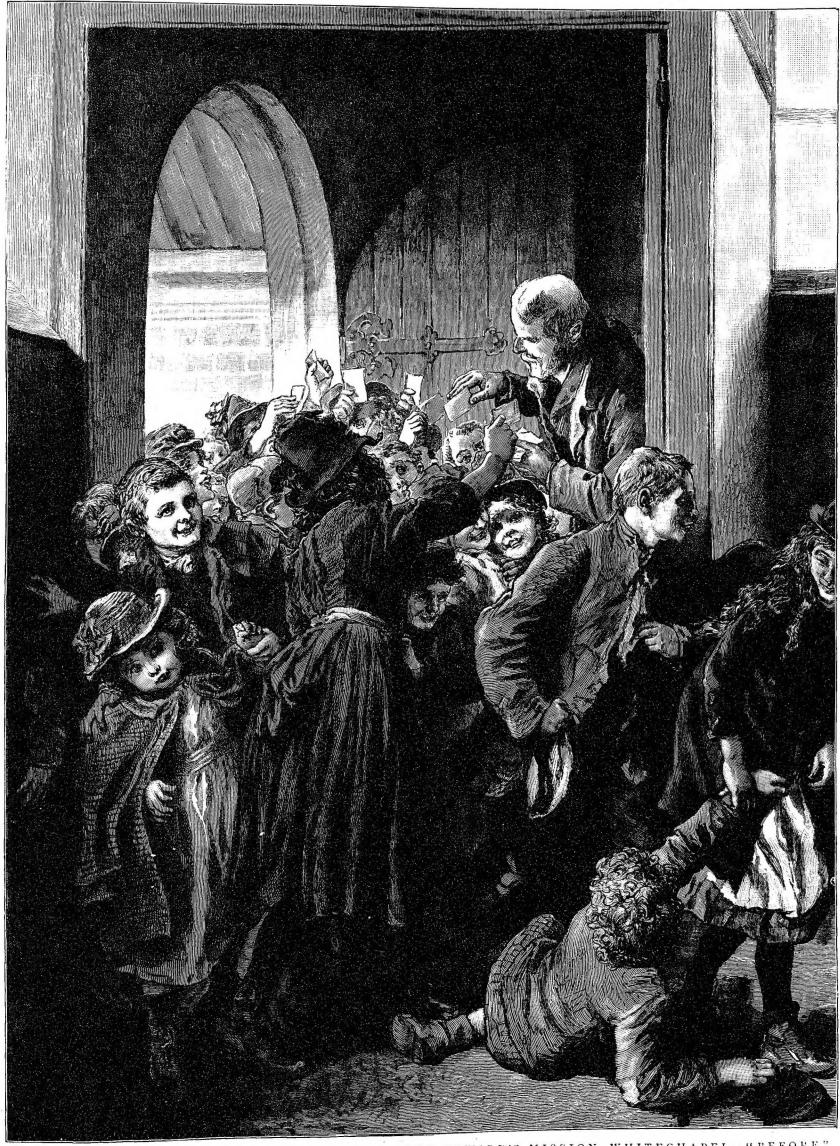
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FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN AT THE KING EDWARD'S MISSION, WHITECHAPEL-"BEFORE" THE RUSH FOR THE DOOR

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THE GRAPHIC

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LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON THE COMMISSION. weary and dreary debate on Mr. Gladstone's Amendment was enlivened at the finish by the remarkable attitude assumed by Lord R. Churchill. The noble lord is nothing if not peculiar, and on this occasion, like the word "politics" in Count Smorltork's celebrated perversion of Mr. Pickwick's remark, he literally "surprised by himself," even converting friend Jennings into a foe. In his speech, Lord Randolph condemned the Commission up hill and down dale. It was unconstitutional in its inception, and impotent in its conclusion. The sole result of "this mountainous parturition" was "Pigott, Pigott, Pigott!" When a man of undeniable talent talks in this reckless random fashion, he is really not worth answering; yet perhaps the best justification for his strange harangue was that it drew from Mr. Chamberlain a sensible and effective reply, in which he showed that Lord Randolph was hopelessly wrong in his facts as to the original appointment of the Commission, and entirely unjustified in his estimate of its resu ts. Of a truth the deviations of modern politics are surprising! Who would have thought five years ago to see Lord Randolph attacking a Tory Ministry, and Mr. Chamberlain defending it? Mr. Labouchere not unnaturally recommends that the two members should change places. But Lord Randolph will forfeit any reputation for wisdom which he still possesses if he should accept this advice. At present he occupies, for a man of his temperament, a fairly enviable position. The Tories are aware that he is an enfant terrible; they will scarcely again (unless he mends his ways) entrust him with high office; yet they treat him with good-humoured toleration. Should he, however, misled by the Parnellite cheers which accompanied every sentence of his speech, elect to go over to the other side, he will find that he has entered into the service of a hard and relentless task-master. If there was a window in the bosoms of some of the more eminent men who accompanied Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule excursion of 1886, Lord Randolph might see some surprising things. It cannot be comfortable to be allied with men whom you once detested; who have never shown any sign of contrition for the words and acts which caused you to detest them; and who now, though delighted to have your assistance, love you no better than they then did, and in their hearts despise you for your apostacy.

M. JULES SIMON AT THE LABOUR CONFERENCE .-French Government is to be congratulated on the good sense it has displayed in appointing M. Jules Simon as the delegate of France at the Berlin Labour Conference. M. Simon is now an old man, but, like some other prominent old men of the present day, he has great vigour both of mind and body, and every one knows that he will discharge his duties efficiently and with dignity. He has no very extreme views as to the ways in which the problems of Capital and Labour should be solved. He has, however, cordial sympathy with the working classes; and his opinions with regard to the limitations which ought to be placed on the labour of women and children are those which long ago won the approval of the vast majority of Englishmen. The German Emperor is naturally pleased by the fact that France is to have so eminent a representative at the Conference. The idea of an international discussion of the wants and aspirations of workmen is one to which he attributes much importance; and he would have been bitterly disappointed if a "nobody" had been sent from Paris to Berlin. That would have meant that France either despaired of any good result from the Conference, or did not care to do anything to gratify the young Kaiser. M. Jules Simon's presence will afford a striking proof that serious Frenchmen are quite willing to act with Germany in matters of strictly human interest, and that they are not without hope that the Emperor's scheme may have some satisfactory consequences. That the Conference will succeed in effecting any very marked change in the position of the working classes we can scarcely venture to expect. But it is something that the questions which are so deeply stirring European society should be at least formally recognised and debated; and it is not impossible that the delegates may see their way to recommend the general adoption of the principle of our Factory Acts. That is an object worth striving for, and its importance is not likely to be underrated by so philosophic a statesman and economist as M. Jules Simon.

MINERS' INSURANCE.—The wholesale loss of life at the Morfa Colliery, following closely on the terrible explosion at the Llanerch pit, lends additional force to the contention of Mr. Bradlaugh and others that steps should be at once taken to establish a miners' insurance fund. So perilous is the nature of their calling that these men may be said to carry their lives in their hands every time they go below ground. The public only hear of the sensational accidents, such as those at Morfa and Llanerch. But it is far more the daily loss of life among pitmen that renders the absence of an insurance fund so lamentable. In these cases, there is no great public

subscription to provide a maintenance for the widows and orphans. They get a trifle from some friendly or benefit society, but, after that is spent, they have to shift for themselves. Even in the case of the great explosions which strike the public imagination, and through it get at the purses of the benevolent, great difficulty is often experienced in obtaining the sum required for permanent relief. The Llanerch subscription list is still, we believe, several thousands short of the amount estimated to secure the multitude of women and children from penury and semi-starvation; and now this second calamity will divert the stream of charity to the new and more pressing case. That there are difficulties to be overcome in establishing an adequate insurance fund is not to be denied, but they will not be surmounted by doing nothing beyond saying what a fine thing it would be. The most feasible scheme seems that which proposes to compel both colliery proprietors and pitmen to pay so much per month, the State adding a bonus in proportion to the amount so co'lected. It is said by some advocates of leaving things alone, that the knowledge that his family was provided for would make the miner even more careless than he is. An absurd argument-he could not be so if he tried.

FLOGGING ARMED BURGLARS. -In spite or weighty opposition from men of such experience as Lords Esher, Coleridge, Herschell, and Kimberley, Lord Milltown's Bill for flogging armed burglars passed the second reading in the House of Lords by a large majority. It is not likely, however, to attain a similar success in the Lower House; nor shall we regret such a result. We have no objection to the infliction of corporal punishment on certain kinds of criminals, but we hold that the penalty should be reserved for persons who are convicted of deliberate cruelty. Some years ago Parliament decreed that garotters should be flogged, not because of the robberies, but because of the brutal treatment which the robbers applied to their victims. Now there is nothing necessarily cruel about the profession of burglary. All that the burglar, whether armed or unarmed, asks is to be let alone while engaged in his operations. Should the householder or the police interfere with him, he may possibly shoot, or threaten to shoot; but it seems to us that he is far more likely to do so if the cat-o'-nine-tails is held in terrorem over him, because then a well-aimed shot may save him from the pain and ignominy of a scarred back. The people whom we should like to flog are the fellows who commit brutal assaults, all the more so because they are very often technically respectable persons-that is, not professional criminals. A sharp, short punishment like flogging would be a far more potent deterrent for such offences than imprisonment, and would not convey that peculiar stigma which often hinders men from getting employment. The arguments drawn from the abolition of flogging in the Army and Navy seem to us irrelevant in the discussion of this subject. So'diers and sailors were flogged, not because their offences (from a civilian point of view) were very heinous, but because the nature of their profession involves immediate and unquestioning obedience. If we were plunged into a great war, we might find it necessary (on merciful grounds) to reintroduce the corporal penalty. Foreign Governments, which eschew flogging, often inflict punishments on their troops during active service which are really far more cruel than the "cat."

Russian Despotism --- Some English politicians are ager that the British Government should protest against the outrages which are said to have been carried on lately in Siberia, and generally against the tyranny of Russian authorities. There is not, of course, the slightest danger that Lord Salisbury will do anything of the kind. If he did he would only be snubbed for his pains. But there can be no good reason why politicians in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" should not say what they think about the thoroughly corrupt state of the Russian political system. It is possible that there may be some exaggeration in the horrid tales which have lately come to Europe from Siberian prisons, but there can be no doubt that in all parts of the Empire, and in Siberia especially, there are terrible abuses for which thorough remedies are urgently needed. On that point all the best and most trustworthy Russians are agreed, and a most admirable statement of the facts has just been submitted to the Czar himself by Madame Tshebrikova, who knew well what would be the inevitable result, so far as she was concerned, of an appeal to his sense of justice as a man and as a ruler. Every sentence in the letter of this courageous lady is true. That the Czar is personally to blame for all the despotism that goes on in his Empire no person of good sense would assert. It is simply impossible for him to be familiar with the details of administration in so vast a realm. So long as one man is nominally the centre of the Government power must necessarily be delegated to representatives of the Crown, and officials may often arrive at important decisions of which hardly anything is ever heard at St. Petersburg. What is wanted is that more power shall be given to the people themselves. Whether the time has come for a central Russian Parliament it is hard to say; but it is certain that in some way or other the Russians should receive the right to express freely their opinions as to the way in which they wish to be governed. How is it that the leaders of the English Liberal party are so very chary of dealing with this

question? There is no limit to their indignation when Turkish Pashas are accused of tyranny. About the ill deeds of Russian despots they are dumb.

-Although not directly respon-THE SOUDAN PROBLEM.sible for the deplorable condition of the Soudan, every Englishman whose mind recalls the history of the past decade must feel a sense of regret at what has come to pass. Had Gordon been supported in time, the northern and eastern provinces might have settled down by this time to peaceful vocations. The Soudanese are keen traders and industrious agriculturists, when those pursuits pay; shut off from them, the sons of the desert take to killing and p'undering, for the lack of other employment. Khartoum, formerly so prosperous, is now a heap of ruins; Berber and Dongola no longer know the trader; the riparian tribes have been more or less "eaten up" by bands of hungry marauders. And so the news comes that "great distress prevails in the northern and eastern Soudan." That is a gentle way of putting the matter; when one hears of "great distress" in a country cut off from communication with the outside world, deprived of its commerce, and with agriculture in a state of suspended animation, the ugly word "famine" at once protrudes itself on the imagination. And famine it is, we suspect, of the old Asiatic type which is now preying upon the vast expanse of territory which Gordon hoped and tried to save from the fate which he foresaw. The fact that swarms of refugees are reaching Wady Hal'a from the south will speak volumes to those who remember with what Irish tenacity the Soudanese cling to their miserable country. There would not be this exodus but for the pressure of starvation. The question-it is a serious one-is whether England could not do something more than she has yet done to promote friendly relations with the tribes on the Nile and along the Berber-Suakin road. If these could be won over by placing profitable employment in their way, the news would soon spread throughout the Soudan that white infidels are not half as black as they have been painted by Mahdist artists. Even if the effort failed, we could claim creditwhich we cannot truthfully do at present-for having set our hands to a work of real humanity.

TREES IN IRELAND. The English traveller who visits Ireland for the first time is usually struck by the bare, unwooded aspect of the country generally, compared with that which prevails in his native island. Yet there is nothing naturally uncongenial to the growth of trees in the soil and climate of Ireland, and in ancient times the country was covered with a luxuriant forest-growth. But, as has been the case in Southern Europe generally, the trees were recklessly hewn down to suit immediate convenience, and few systematic attempts at replanting were made. Where woods of considerable extent still prevail, it will generally be found that they exist on properties where the landowner or his predecessors have been wealthy enough and far-sighted enough to encourage woodlands, both for ornamental reasons, as a covert for game, and as a possible source of revenue in case of need. As a rule, peasant-proprietors are hostile to woods. The rate of profit to be derived from preserving them is too small and too slow to be attractive to needy men; therefore they call in the aid of the axe, and turn the timber into cash. A question asked a day or two ago in the House by Mr. Maurice Healy illustrates this tendency, and shows that Lord Ashbourne's Act may be the means of making the Green Island more treeless than ever. Lord Egmont recently so'd his estate in County Cork, and disposed of his trees thereon to a timber-merchant; and not long ago it was stated that the woods of Avoca (concerning which Tom Moore carolled so sweetly) were to be cut down and manufactured into matches. Yet it is hard to see how such transactions can be prevented, unless the adjacent community agree to purchase these wooded tracts as public reserves. We may be pretty sure that if Lord Egmont had sold the land to his tenants, trees and all, the tenants would speedily have converted the trees into money.

-This eminent Hungarian statesman has at last been obliged to succumb to the intrigues and open attacks of his opponents. The difficulty about Kossuth is only, of course, an excuse for his retirement. He promised to introduce a Bill providing for the repatriation of the famous exile; but when Kossuth went out of his way to repudiate allegiance to the Hungarian Crown, it was manifestly impossible for M. Tisza to take any further steps in the matter. Had Hungarian politics been following their normal course, so trivial a question would not have caused the slightest trouble. The truth is that the Liberals were tired of the Prime Minister who had led them for fifteen years; and he, seeing that he could no longer hold office with dignity, was glad to take advantage of a pretext for withdrawal. It is not very easy to say why so many of his old political friends have deserted him. The Army Bill which he forced through Parliament last year was extremely unpopular; but that alone would hardly have sufficed to destroy his influence, and on no other question of vital importance has he been at variance with the mass of those who were formerly his supporters. He seems to be in some sense the Aristides of Hungarian Liberalism. Having heard so much about his virtues, the Liberals began to be bored by the qualities they had admired, and thought they would like a change; and so he had to make way for a man of much

less striking ability. They are very far, however, from having heard the last of M. Tisza. A good many people were kind enough to suggest to him that he ought to retire to his estate, and devote his energies to the good of his tenants. M. Tisza declines to do anything of the kind. He proposes to retain his place in Parliament, and to befriend or oppose the Government in proportion as it acts upon or disregards his ideas; and it is almost certain that he will soon be once more at the head of a powerful and united party, for he is incomparably the most distinguished of Hungarian statesmen. In the mean time, no serious difficulty with regard to foreign policy is likely to spring up. The Liberals remain in office; and under Count Szapáry, the new Premier, they will do nothing that could tend in any way to undermine or weaken the Triple Alliance.

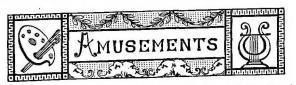
THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.—The Portuguese Government will be guilty of "biting off its nose to spite its face" if it allows pique at the Serpa Pinto incident to govern its conduct in re the Delagoa Bay Railway. That a most mawarrantable act was committed by the confiscation of the line admits of no controversy. The Company had complied with every condition of the original contract, and would have complied with those afterwards added, had it been allowed sufficient time. But the Portuguese now turn deaf ears to all argumentation; having captured the railway by force, they evidently purpose to keep possession of their ill-gotten booty unless compelled to give it up. Once more they are trading upon the disinclination of England to proceed to extremities against a small and weak Power. They believe, no doubt, that the very fact of our having taken sharp action to stop Major Pinto's filibustering campaign will render us all the more disinclined to strike a second blow of a similar sort. In so judging us, the Portuguese judge rightly: there is, undoubtedly, a strong feeling in this country against exercising our rights to the full against such a puny Power. But the Lisbon Government may rest assured that the English sense of justice and honour is too keen to tolerate such a flagrant outrage as the seizure of the Delagoa Bay Railway. At present the dispute might, perhaps, be settled by giving liberal compensation to the dispossessed Company. Unfortunately. Senhor Ribiero does not seem at all disposed to fulfil the promises of his predecessor in that particular. He contends that it is the duty of the Company to sue as a humble suppliant; and, even if it did so, it might still find him as reluctant as ever to come to terms. There cannot be much profit in continuing negotiations with a Government so blind to self-interest. England had better formulate a specific demand for compensation, as the United States have already done, coupled with a plain intimation that either procrastination or refusal would be attended by very unpleasant consequences. That is the only sort of argument that brings conviction to the Iberian mind.

JESSIE BROWN AND THE BAG-PIPES. Those who are old enough to recollect the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 will also probably recollect the appearance of the legend referred to in the above title. It is rather remarkable that the story was current in England long before it was generally heard of in India; indeed, it is said to have been first mentioned in the columns of a Jersey newspaper. Anyhow it took the public fancy amazingly. There was a spice of the preternatural and the romantic about it which greatly pleased many of the thousands of persons who had heard of the heroism and sufferings of that beleaguered handful of men, women, and children at Lucknow. It was with a thrill of pleasure that people listened to the tale of a woman who had been temporarily gifted with a preternatural sense of hearing, so that, before anyone else was aware of their approach, she heard the bag-pipes of the gallant Highlanders who were coming to relieve Lucknow. But, alas! for romance: as time went on and popular enthusiasm cooled, sceptics arose. The story was investigated, pronounced to be baseless, and was relegated to the regions of myth. Strangely enough, however, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the controversy has been revived, owing to the recitation of a poem on the subject at a London music-hall. Mr. Archibald Forbes appears wishful to believe the story, though he adduces no evidence beyond the supposition that the Highlanders might have had their bagpipes with them. Even if this were certainly established, it does not prove that one Jessie Brown heard the drone of the said pipes at a miraculous distance. But the impression of the present writer (who was in India at the time) is that the Highlanders had not their bagpipes. During that frightful crisis, soldiers were so scarce, that all musical instruments were packed away, and bandsmen converted into combatants. Nevertheless the story is a pretty one, and no doubt it will continue to have plenty of believers, for myths die very hard. The legend of the sinking of the Vengeur, with colours flying, and the crew shouting Vive la République, is still, despite the sneers of English disbelievers, a cardinal article of faith among patriotic Frenchmen of the less educated classes.

ILL-USED ZULU CHIEFS, An influential Committee has been formed for the purpose, if possible, of securing justice for the Zulu chiefs who were lately condemned to long terms of imprisonment for having, as was alleged, attempted to subvert the authority of the Queen. It is denied that they made any such attempt, and no one who will take the

trouble to read the concise and lucid statement issued by the Committee can doubt that they have been very hardly dealt with. Dinuzulu, the son and successor of Cetshwayo, has especially bitter reason to complain of the very peculiar character of British justice as he has experienced it. First of all we allowed the Boers to rob him of a great tract of territory, which has now been formally incorporated with the Transvaal. Then, when he resented the brutal outrages of his enemy Zibebu, and tried to protect his people from attack, we accused him of rebellion; and the unfortunate young man and two of his leading friends and supporters were treated as common criminals. They were sent the other day to St. Helena; and Lord Knutsford seems to be of opinion that in thus disposing of them he has displayed most praiseworthy clemency. If, however-as the Zulu Defence Committee maintain—the three chiefs ought never to have been even tried, but should rather have been compensated for their injuries, it is obvious that a very serious wrong has been done. What is wanted is that the affairs of Zululand shall be thoroughly investigated by a Commission, in whose ability and impartiality all parties may have confidence. This is the object for which the Committee propose to work, and every one who cares for the maintenance of the best traditions of English policy must wish them all success in their undertaking. Let us know exactly, on the highest authority, how matters stand in Zululand, and then we may hope that justice will be done not only to the ill-used chiefs but to their people, whose only fault for many a day, so far as we are concerned, has been that they have trusted too implicitly in our wisdom and national sense of honour.

STEEPLECHASING SENATORS. — The somewhat untoward result of last year's House of Commons Steeplechase has not cooled the ardour of its promoters. Another crosscountry race has been organised for the present Session, the conditions being the same as those which previously obtained. It is to be hoped, however, that all the horses will receive names before the start; there was a political savour of a disagreeable sort about the christening of Mr. Cyril Flower's horse, "Home Rule," after he had come in first. If the collective wisdom cannot get on without demonstrating that some of its members are good crosscountry riders, that ambition had best be kept clear of party politics. Subject to this condition, the Commons might enlarge their sporting competitions. It would be derogatory to their dignity, no doubt, to hold a fistic display at the Pelican Club, not to speak of the possibility of the combatants doffing "the mittens," and going for another with their naked fists. Judging from some of the epithets lately hurled about in debate, something of the sort would be pretty sure to occur. But the House contains some accomplished golfers, tennis players, and cyclists, while at cricket and rifle-shooting it generally holds its own, and something more, against the Lords. Football would be, perhaps, too provocative; except croquet, there is no game which has such a special faculty for making the angry passions rise. But the other sports we have mentioned are free from irritating qualities, and might be safely included in the Commons programme of social amenities. They would have the advantage, too, over steeplechasing, that the competitors would have to depend for success on their own prowess alone. The cross-country rider only shares the glory of winning with his horse, and, although he makes the most talk over the achievement, it is generally the dumb partner in the firm to whom the chief credit is due.



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FREE DINNERS FOR POOR CHILDREN

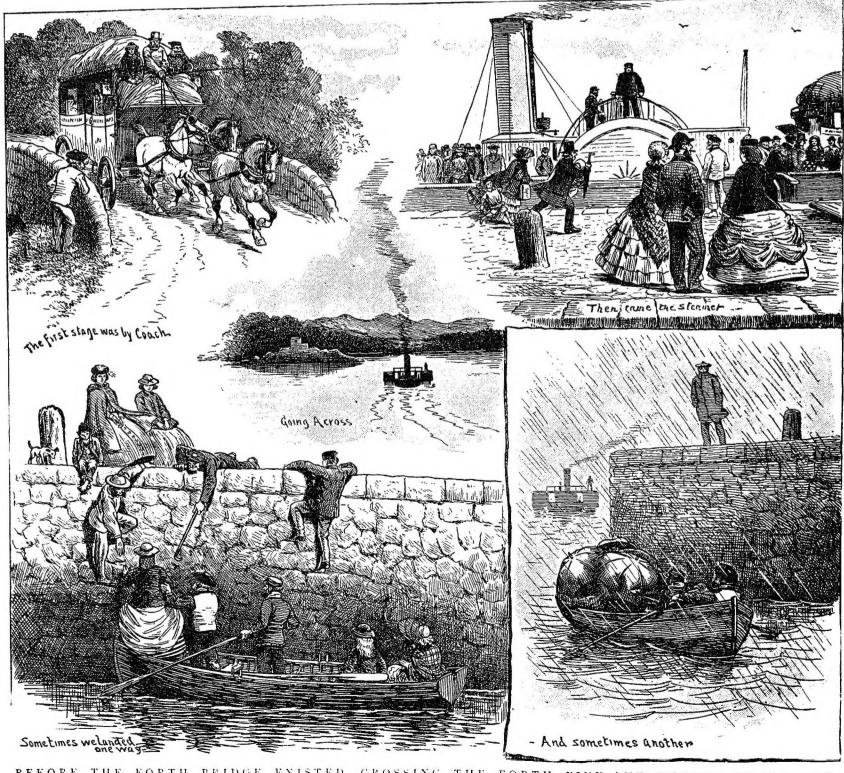
In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Beecher Stowe has given a forcible illustration of the difference between the abstract and philosophical, and the concrete and practical ways of looking at a troublesome question. An honest and conscientious Congressman, after careful study of the Fugitive Slave Law, has come to the conclusion that if men are legally entitled to own slaves they are also entitled to recover their human property should it stray away. But when this Congressman is brought face to face with a poor, footsore, hungry, trembling, fugitive, he forgets all his fine theories, and aids and abets the escapee to get across the border into Canada. The same remark may be made about the Free Dinner Question. Many a worthy citizen, especially when his own dinner has rendered him genially talkative and argumentative, will

utter solemn warnings against the pauperisa-tion of the lower classes by the trans-ference to the shoulders of charit ference to the shoulders of charitable strangers of the burden which the parents ought to bear. But introduce this worthy citizen to such a scene as is here delineated by Mr. Barnes's pencil, and, tento one, his politicoeconomical doctrines, which are nevertheless perfectly sound, will melt away. He will say—perhaps not aloud, but at all events to himself—"We cannot wait until the problem of parental responsibility is solved; these poor, pale-faced children are hungry—they rarely get what I should call a good square meal—so hang political economy; let us feed them first, and moralise afterwards." In this manner the heart is wont ner the heart is wont

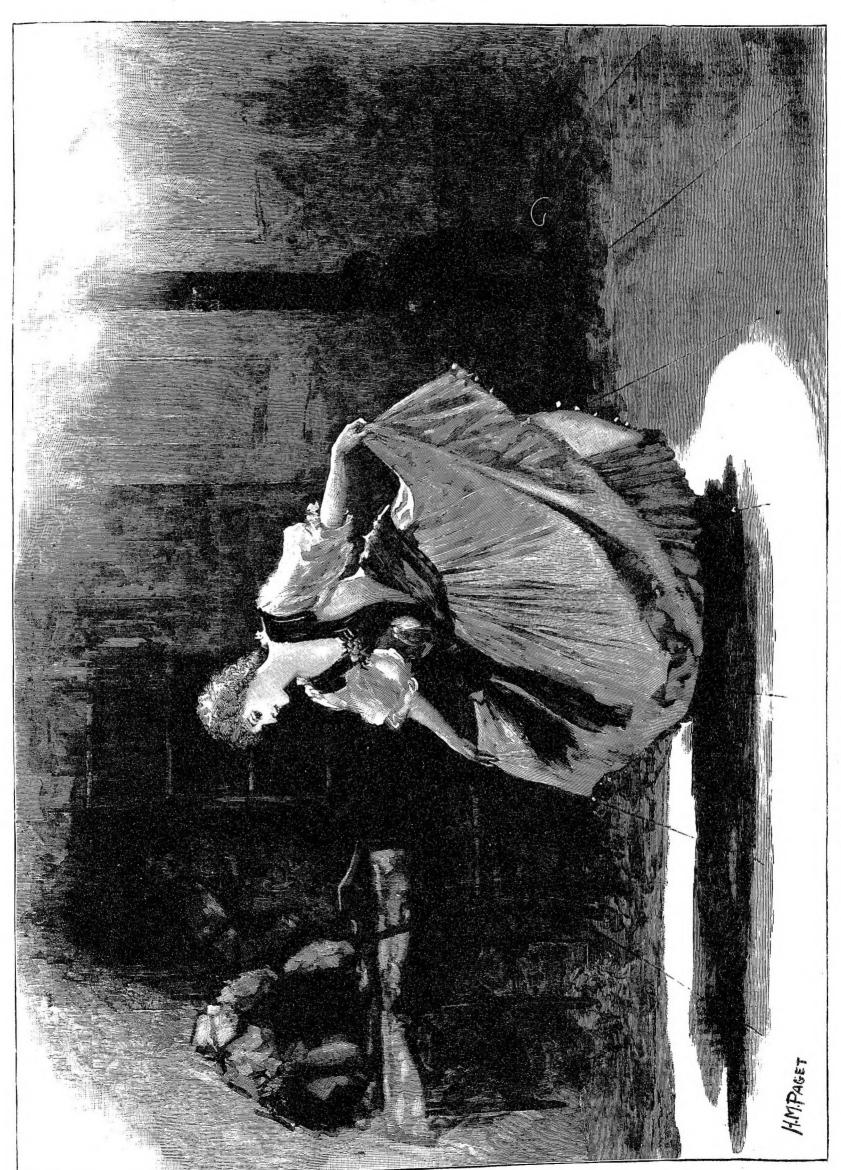


FREE DINNERS TO POOR CHILDREN AT THE KING EDWARD'S MISSION, WHITECHAPEL—"AFTER"
Our Artist is discovered Sketching

to conquer the head, but it does not follow that the heart is always wise in its conclusions. There can be no doubt that, while conferring a temporary benefit on the children, we may, by our well-meant tharity, only succeed in confirming the parents in habits of unthrift. The problem is a very difficult one to solve, and we will say no more about it now. Mr. Barnes's sketches were made at the King Edward's Mission, Whitechapel. The smaller engraving affords an admirable study of boy-nature. The lads, having finished their dinner, were experiencing a pleasant and, it is to be feared, unusual, sense of repletion, when they suddenly discovered that they were being "took" by the artist. He has skilfully seized their various expressions.



BEFORE THE FORTH BRIDGE ENISTED-CROSSING THE FORTH FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO



THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE "FRA DIAVOLO" AT THE CHELSEA BARRACKS "ZERLINA" (MISS ROSE HAWDON) PERFORMING THE "SHADOW DANCE"

CROSSING THE FORTH IN THE OLD DAYS

CROSSING THE FORTH IN THE OLD DAYS

THE engravings here published are suggested by some very pretty sketches of the site of the present Forth Bridge sent to us by Mary L. Walrond, of Stratton Lodge, Cyprus Road, South Norwood Hill. They were taken some five-and-twenty years ago, when North Queensferry was a quiet, primitive little village, and when communication between Edinburgh and the North was carried on by means of a coach to Dunfermline, which was wheeled on board a steamboat at Queensferry, and so conveyed across the Forth. The island of Inchgarvie, which now forms the central support of the Forth Bridge, was fortified during the Napoleonic Wars. Previous to the reign of Charles II. the principal State prison was situated on the island. North Queensferry is remarkable as the place where Oliver Cromwell first encamped on crossing the Forth in 1651. At South Queensferry there is an inn, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary." To the east of the village are the grounds of Dalmeny, belonging to Lord Rosebery; and to are the grounds of Dalmeny, belonging to Lord Rosebery; and to the west the grounds of Lord Hopetoun. The chief charm of this latter residence is the exquisite prospect from the high terrace walk and other parts of the domain.

THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE COMPANY

THIS company has now become a permanent institution, and the performances are eagerly anticipated. On March 6th the theatre in Chelsea Barracks reopened with the burlesque of Fra Diavo'o, written by the late H. J. Byron, and revised "up to date" by Mr. W. Yardley. We need not here describe the piece in question, or attempt any detailed criticism. There was plenty of bright music (arranged by Mr. Edward Solomon) and clever dancing, while the stage during the greater part of the performance was occupied with (arranged by Mr. Edward Solomon) and clever dancing, while the stage during the greater part of the performance was occupied with a crowd of picturesquely-attired peasant-girls, and by stalwart Carabineers arrayed in the uniform worn by the Foot Guards in 1790. Fra Diavolo was cleverly played by Captain F. C. Ricardo; while Beppo, an Italian brigand from Whitechapel, and Giacomo, his colleague from the Seven Dials, were respectively impersonated by Mr. George Macdonald and Colonel H. Ricardo. Our engraving represents Miss Rose Hawdon, as Zerlina, the village belle, performing the Shadow Dance. Her graceful dancing and her coquettish manners contributed much to the success of the piece, which was played for several successive evenings. The performance of Tuesday, March 11th, was for the benefit of the Guards Industrial Home, and on the 13th a matinie was given.

GYMKHANA MEETING OF THE HONG KONG POLO-CLUB-THE FAI-TEE STAKES

This meeting took place on November 28th, having been postponed on account of bad weather. The Chinese coolies were much
interested in the bagpipes of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, probably because to their ears the sound bears a very close
resemblance to that produced by a common Chinese instrument,
something like a flageolet. Within the enclosure almost the only
people not English were the Chinese chair-coolies and the mah-foox
(grooms). The chair-coolies cluster outside the Grand Stand, the people not English were the Chinese chair-coolies and the man-joos (grooms). The chair-coolies cluster outside the Grand Stand, the balcony of which is occupied chiefly by ladies. The professional coolies were naturally highly interested in the Chair Races, which were the most amusing events in the programme. In the Fai-Tee Stakes the gentlemen amateurs appeared in regular coolie-costume. One of the riders borrowed his bagpipes from one of the Highland pipers; but they proved his destruction, for when his team came to grief just outside the winning-post, he sat on the ground playing his pipes, and deafening himself to the shouts of the judges, who were endeavouring to inform him that he had not passed the winning-post. In our picture the pipers have been accidently omitted.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Charles E. Eldred, H.M.S. Cordelia, Hong Kong.

THE CITY AND SOUTHWARK SUBWAY

This new means of intercommunication between the City and South London is now rapidly approaching completion. The original Act (1884) empowered its construction from King William Street, City, to the Elephant and Castle; but the company subsequently received permission to carry on the line to Clapham Road and Stockwell. The line is a double one; but each pair o rails is laid in a separate tunnel, the two tunnels, of course, running mainly in parallel lines. The City terminus is in King William Street, near the Monument. The railway is reached by a circular shaft, down and up which passengers will be conveyed by a hydraulic lift; or they can proceed by stairways, which are also provided. After passing beneath the Thames the successive stations are at Great Dover Street, Elephant, New Street, Kennington Oval, and Binfield Road, Stockwell. Hydraulic lifts and stairways will be provided at all the stations. The total length of the line is three miles and a Guarter, and its two chief peculiarities are the great depth at which cuarter, and its two chief peculiarities are the great depth at which it lies beneath the surface, and the employment of electric locomotives. Each engine weighs about ten tons; and the motor, which is of the Edison-Hopkinson type, takes the current from a conductor carried on the wooden sleepers between the rails of the line. The subway is lighted by electric glow-lamps; the brake used will be the Westinghouse automatic; and there will be a three-minute service each way of trains of three coaches, each capable of carrying thirty-four passengers. The line, of which a satisfactory trial was made on March 5th, is expected to be open for traffic early in the

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 305.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION See page 308.

"MISGIVINGS-HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FORGE"

A SMALL BOY who goes for the first time to a blacksmith's shop, and sees how a horse is shod, is likely to be disquieted, if not actually than a shoe-horn, whereas this poor gee-gee patiently submits to have a red-hot piece of iron clapped on his foot, which sympathetically vomits forth flame and smoke, besides emitting an odour of burnt horn, most offensive to the nostrils. After they have left the forge, and the scene of terror has been succeeded by eager curiosity, the young lady in charge of our juvenile will probably be plied with a number of questions, and will, if she is capable of it, administer a short lecture in comparative anatomy, showing how great is the difference between the equine and the human foot, the former being, in fact, not a foot at all, but a prolonged great toe, armed by Nature with such a horny appendage as to be insensible to the rough shoe-surgery of the smithy.

"HIS FIRST LEVÉE"

MR. GILLARD GLINDONI'S picture, which is based on a sketch by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N., is self-explanatory. In preference, therefore, to attempting any description of it, we will preterence, therefore, to attempting any description of it, we will borrow a few remarks about Levées, which appeared in a recent issue of the Pall Mall Gazette. No ladies can attend Levées, but men who have been "presented" at a Levée can attend the Drawing Rooms. The Queen, however, discourages this, and requests that no men will come to the Drawing Rooms unless they accompany

ladies. Those who wish to attend a Levée must first get some one to present them. This is usually done by some one of superior position in the same profession or avocation as the presentee. Soldiers and sailors choose their commanding officer, barristers a judge, M.P.'s one of their leaders, and so forth. But, besides this, permission must be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office to attend the Lorde and this permission is not processarily granted permission must be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office to attend the Levée, and this permission is not necessarily granted. Americans are in this respect better off than our own countrymen, for if the United States Ambassador pronounces a man to be fit to enter the presence of Royalty, no Court official dares to gainsay him. Those who attend Levées must wear either uniform or Court dress. There are two species of the latter, the old Court dress and Levée dress. The latter consists of a dark blue single-breasted dress-coat with gilt buttons, gold embroidered collar and cuffs, and white waistcoat, white tie, and cocked hat. With this costume, the wearing of a sword is optional. On Levée days the Prince of Wales wears the uniform of the First Life Guards, of which he is Colonel. The ceremony takes place in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace. This apartment looks south over the gardens, and is handsomely but antiquely furnished. is handsomely but antiquely furnished.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ZETLAND

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ZETLAND

THE RIGHT HON. SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS, third Earl of Zetland, was born on the 16th of August, 1844, and educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. For a time he served as Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, he was formerly Captain of the Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry Cavalry, and now commands the 6th Volunteer Brigade of the North Riding Division of the Royal Artillery. He is a J.P. for the North Riding, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, and for a year or two, previous to 1873, when he succeeded his uncle in the earldom, represented Richmond (Yorks) in the Liberalinterest. His lordship is best known, however, by his connection with the Turf. He is a prominent owner of racehorses and a much respected member of the Jockey Club. It can hardly be doubted that this characteristic was not lost sight of by the Government when, on the retirement of Lord Londonderry last July, they appointed Lord Zetland Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish love to have a sportsman to rule over them. Our portrait (from a photograph by Chancellor and Son, Dublin) represents him in his robes as Grand Master of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, a post which the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland holds ex officio. It is worthy of note in these days that the collar of the Order consists of alternate roses and harps tied together with knots of gold, and that the motto is "Quis Separabit?" If a Lord-Lieutenant is to gain a full measure of popularity in Irish society one thing is needful—he must have a handsome wife. And in that point Lord Zetland lags no whit behind his predecessors. The Countess—whose portrait (from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin) speaks for itself—was Lady Lilian Selina Elizabeth The Countess—whose portrait (from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin) speaks for itself—was Lady Lilian Selina Elizabeth Lumley, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough. She was married on the 3rd of August, 1871, and has four children.

ON THE WAY TO THE GOLDFIELDS See page 310

-In the account of the collision between the steamers, which we illustrated last week, several inaccuracies crept in, owing to the photographs having reached us without any details. One of the colliding steamers was the *Torridon*, not the *Toreador*, and she is owned by Messrs. James Gardiner and Co., of Glasgow, not by Messrs. Oliverson, Aukland, and Co. The *Torridon* was picked up by the *Elfrida*, and assisted into Slade Bay; she was afterwards taken into Waterford by the tugs Ballycotton and Flying Fox, and later on towed by two other tugs to Liverpool for repairs.—For our engravings of the Centennial Hall at Sydney last week we are indebted to the Sydney Mail.

THE BENGAL ARMY.—Colonel F. H. Tyrrell, 32nd Madras Infantry, writes as follows:—"The system of forming regiments of native troops 'equipped and drilled after the European fashion' was not initiated in the Bengal Presidency. Such troops were first raised by the French at Pondicherry about the year 1745, and soon after, in imitation of them, by the English at Madras. Madras Sepoys fought under Clive at Arcot some years before he went from Madras to Calcutta to take vengeance on the Nawab Siraj ud Daula for the atrocity of the Black Hole. On that expedition he took Telinga Sepoys with him from Madras, and it was these Sepoys who fought at Plassey, and who formed the nucleus round which the reining sepoys with him from Madras, and it was these Sepoys who fought at Plassey, and who formed the nucleus round which the Bengal Native Army was raised. For long afterwards the people of Northern India called all Sepoys by the name of Telingas. The present First Madras Infantry dates from the year 1758; the oldest Bengal Infantry regiment dated from 1763; and the first Bombay Sepoy regiments were raised a few years later."

PARLIAMENT.

THE end of the dreary, dragged-out debate on the Report of the Parnell Commission proved to be a succession of surprises. The Parnell Commission proved to be a succession of surprises. The House entered Wonderland on Friday in last week, when Mr. Jennings, unexpectedly appearing on the scene, gave notice of his intention to move an amendment declaring it the duty of the House to record its condemnation of the conduct of those responsible for the accusations of complicity in murder brought against members of the House, discovered to be based on forged letters, and declared by the Special Commissioners to be disproved. This he proposed to add to Mr. Smith's resolution, which simply directed that the Report of the Commissioners should be entered on the journals of the House. Such an amendment, at such a time, coming from the Conservative the Commissioners should be entered on the journals of the House. Such an amendment, at such a time, coming from the Conservative side, would have been a striking event. But it was generally understood—though here again surprise was in store for the House—that Mr. Jennings was the mouthpiece of Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, it was surmised, did not care to put himself in the forefront of the fray, but had equipped his lieutenant and friend with this amendment, and would in due time appear in the lists to support it. the lists to support it.

That was the first surprise of the sitting, and it probably had That was the first surprise of the sitting, and it probably had something to do with one that presently followed it. After a speech by Mr. Justin M'Carthy in continuation of one opened on the previous night, the debate again fell into the hands of the lawyers. Sir Henry James delivered one of those prodigious speeches, two hours long, of which Mr. Gladstone set the earliest example, followed by the Attorney-General and Sir Charles Russell. It was had account to begin with but at this enoch after a weak's incerlowed by the Attorney-General and Dir Charles Russell. It was bad enough to begin with, but at this epoch, after a week's incessant talk, Sir Henry James was not the man to succeed in holding the attention of the wearied House. Mr. Asquith, who followed, did twice as well, probably because his speech was only half as long. When the Member for East Fife resumed his seat, Mr. Charles When the Member for East File resumed his seat, Mr. Charles Hall, another lawyer, took up the running, speaking to almost empty benches. Members, sick at heart with the whole affair, had gratefully gone off to dinner, and those dining in the House were not to be called back by the tintinnabulation of the bell that heralded

It was Mr. Halley Stewart who was responsible for the catastrophe. Having no other desire than to obtain an audience for a

friend, Mr. Stewart, treading in the steps of the lamented Mr. Biggar, moved a count, believing that the House would thereupon fill, and hoping that some who came to be counted would remain to hear. But the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" had been raised once too often. There were plenty of members within the precincts of the House, who, if they had come in, would have made a quorum. But everybody—all but thirty-five—left it to some one else, and thirty-five being five short of a quorum, the House forthwith (it being a quarter to nine) adjourned. Counts-out are not infrequent: but quarter to nine) adjourned. Counts-out are not infrequent; but diligent research has found no precedent for a count-out in the course of an important debate on a motion presented from the Ministerial benches.

When the House met on Monday, Ministers were promptly When the House met on Monday, Ministers were promptly brought to task for this blunder, or, as some would have it, this worse than blunder. According to the Rules of the House, the debate had become a lapsed Order, to be reinstated only by a specific motion made from the Treasury Bench. This Mr. Smith moved; whereupon the flood gates of indignant protest, always kept ready oiled on the Opposition benches, were opened, and the Stranger in the gallery might well have thought that the Constitution had been imperilled. In the end, mollified by an assurance that still another day should be given to a discussion the interest in which had been so singularly demonstrated on Friday night, opposition was withdrawn, and the debate once more set a-going.

which had been so singularly demonstrated on Friday night, opposition was withdrawn, and the debate once more set a going.

Mr. Sexton, who had enjoyed frequent opportunities of delivering his speech in unoccupied hours of the previous week, had held himself back till what was generally regarded as the last night of the debate, when it is customary for the giants to step into the arena. Having secured the first place, he availed himself of the opportunity with merciless rapacity. The Attorney-General had spoken for two hours. Mr. Gladstone had slightly exceeded that unconscionable period. For Mr. Sexton nothing less than two hours and three-quarters would serve! The friends of the Ministry watched the performance with annoyance modified by the consideration that Mr. Sexton was, as the Americans say, giving sideration that Mr. Sexton was, as the Americans say, giving himself away. As Lord Randolph Churchill showed on the next himself away. As Lord Randolph Churchill showed on the next day, a weighty and conclusive speech can well be compressed within the limits of an hour. Mr. Gladstone, alone of living men, can justify an effort to fill up two consecutive hours of debate in the House of Commons, and on Monday every one felt that if he had knocked off half an hour his oration would have been strengthened. But for Mr. Sexton the opportunity was irresistible. A full House, the civilised world supposed to be listening at the door and an illimitable supply of verbiage at hand. The targetter door, and an illimitable supply of verbiage at hand. The tion was too strong for human vanity, and so Mr. Sexton sacrifice! his cause to his speech.

One result of this outrage npon the decencies of Parliamentary debate was to throw the whole arrangements out of gear. Mr. Balfour had proposed to speak before dinner, and by a fair division of time would have left Sir William Harcourt as spokesman of the Opposition an opportunity to rise immediately after dinner. But Mr. Sexton's grabbing up of the earlier hours of the sitting drove Mr. Balfour off till the final stage of the sitting, whilst poor Sir William Harcourt did not find his opportunity till almost upon the witham Harcourt did not find ms opportunity in amost apportunity of a carefully prepared speech by the impatience of members, not now accustomed to be kept in after midnight. On this night a stage of the dreary journey was reached by a division on Mr. Gladstone's amendment, which was rejected by 339 votes against 268, bringing, after a pitched battle, the Ministerial majority down to 71.

down to 71. There now remained Mr. Jennings' amendment. One stood in the name of Mr. De Lisle, but, as events showed, it was not of a kind that any member would care to second, and accordingly it sell stillborn. But Mr. Jennings' amendment was a different thing, and it was approached with keen interest on both sides, no one in wildest flight of fancy guessing what lay behind it. The first surprise was given when Lord Randolph Churchill rose immediately the debate was resumed. It was understood that he would appear on the scene after Mr. Jennings had moved his amendment. But Lord Randolph had something serious to say, and was not inclined to be put off till some indefinite period, perhaps the dinner hour, when the audience would be scattered. Here was the House crammed from floor to galleries. For a man who had a splash to make there was not likely to be a fuller opportunity of deep-water. So Lord Randolph plunged in. By confining his remarks to the main question raised by Mr. Smith's

resolution, he was in order. Speaking with unusual gravity of manner, assisted by notes which indicated careful preparation, he delivered one of the most violent, not to say outrageous, attacks the Government had suffered from in the long foray. He condemned the appointment of the Special Commission root and branch, tracing from its inception all the troubles that gathered round the Ministry and the Conservative Party. That this was no new conviction, no evidence of wisdom after the event, Lord Randolph was able to show by citation of a written memorandum he had handed to the Cabinet when the Commissions of the Cabinet when the Commissions are formally about the Cabinet when the Commissions are formally all the cabinets are called the cabinets and the cabinets are called the called th written memorandum he had handed to the Cabinet when the Commission was first proposed. This speech, hailed with loud cheers by the Irish members, was listened to in chilling silence on the Conservative benches. It proved too strong even for Mr. Jennings, who, unwilling to follow Lord Randolph in this open declaration of war, declined to move the amendment of which he had given notice. Then Mr. Caine picked it up and carried it to a division. 259 voting for it, 321 against, a further reduction of the majority to 62. After this no more fight was left in the House, Mr. Smith's resolution was agreed to, and the incubus, temporarily at least, removed, the House has through the remainder of the week quietly set itself about the country's business.

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All subscriptions are payable in advance, either by Cheque or P.O.O., to the Publisher E. I. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.



POLITICAL.—Sir Henry James made a vigorous and animated speech at Nelson, in Lancashire, on Monday. Once more he speech at Nelson, in Lancashire, on Monday. Once more he repeated the challenge which has often been given by the Unionist leaders to Mr. Gladstone, to tell the country what it is he means by Home Rule now that his Bills of 1886, dealing with that question, are dead and buried. But this reiteration of an old challenge was accompanied by a frank and suggestive statement of what would happen if it is not accepted before the next General Election. In happen if it is not accepted before the next General Election. In that case, the constituencies, Sir Henry pointed out, will be voting in the dark, and even if they give Mr. Gladstone in majority, it will be the right and the duty of the House of Lords to reject a measure the principles and the cital details of which were not submitted to the constituencies. vital details of which were not submitted to the constituencies.—Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., speaking on Tuesday at a dinner of the Highty Club, said that hitherto the Liberal policy had been destructive, but the time had arrived when it should become constructive. It would not do to put the new wine of vigorous democracy into the old bottles of the political economy of early Radicalism.—For the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire Mr. Cust (C), polling 4,236 votes, has been returned by a majority of 282 over Mr. A. Priestley (G), who received 3,954.—With the retirement of Mr. Sinclair (G) from the representation of the Ayr Burghs, two candidates are in the field, Mr. Routledge, of London (G), who in 1886 unsuccessfully contested North Kensington, and Mr. Somervell, of Sorn (U), a well-known Scotch Conservative. At the last General Election Mr. Sinclair was easily defeated by Mr. Campbell (LU), who had the large majority of 1.175, but at a by-election in 1888, consequent on the death of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Sinclair defeated Mr. Evelyn Ashley (LU), by the very small majority of 33.—The "Claimant," of whom little or nothing had been heard for some time, actually turned up as a candidate for the seat vacant at Stoke-upon-Trent, this new audacity being probably suggested by a Radicalism.—For the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire Mr. Cust Stoke-upon-Trent, this new audacity being probably suggested by a remembrance of the fact that his advocate, the late Dr. Kenealy, remembrance of the fact that his advocate, the late Dr. Kenealy, once, and as such, persuaded the electors of that borough to send him to the House of Commons. By the day of nomination, however, "Sir Roger" was not ready with the requisite deposit of 1002, guranteeing his share of the election expenses, and the returning officer struck the name, once more assumed, of Tichborne from the list of candidates.

LORD STANHOPE has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Kent in succession to the late Earl Sydney.

SIR JOHN GORST, Under-Secretary for India, has been selected by the Government to represent Great Britain at the Berlin Labour

SIR CHARLES DILKE delivered an address on social problems at SIR CHARLES DILKE delivered an address of a change in this country, and that the statement was ceasing to be true in which our rich were described as growing richer and our poor poorer. He looked forward to the time when the worker would become king in

Great Britain as he already was in Australia.

AT THE MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday a proposal to place Miss Cobden on the Parks Committee was carried by a majority of 64 to 23 over an amendment opposing her election, on the ground that ladies cannot sit on the Council.

her election, on the ground that ladies cannot sit on the Council.

The Morfa Colliery Explosion.—The Llanerch Colliery disaster has been too quickly followed by another, of a similar and a very terrible kind, in the South Wales coalfield. The scene of the catastrophe was the Morfa Colliery, Tarbach, in close proximity to the Bristol Channel, midway between the eastern and western confines of Glamorganshire, the same colliery in which, with loss of life, there were explosions in 1863 and 1870. The new explosion occurred half-an-hour after noon on Monday in the Cribbur vein, one known to be particularly fiery, and it is feared that nearly ninety lives have been lost. The noise of the explosion was heard far and near, and an immense concourse of people was soon assembled at the pit's - mouth. Numbers of volunteers offered to assist in the work of rescue, and the manager of the mine at once descended the pit-bottom, and organised exploring parties. It was found that at about twenty yards from the bottom of the shaft there had been a tremendous fall, which it took the explorers nearly ten hours to get over, and some of the rescuers were themselves overpowered by the impure air and had to be brought to the surface; one of them died on Tuesday night. Several wonderful escapes are recorded of men and boys from the crash of matter caused by the explosion. A terrible obstacle unhappily opposed the progress of one party of explorers who had made considerable way among the Cribbur workings, when they discovered that a fire had broken out in, and taken possession of, the inner portion of them, and that it was useless to proceed further until the flames were extinguished. The coroner's inquest was opened at Aberavon on Wednesday. After the jury had viewed the recovered bodies, the inquiry was all'ourned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Hartington's health is now completely THE MORFA COLLIERY EXPLOSION .- The Llanerch Colliery ad ourned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Hartington's health is now completely restored. On his return to England he is to be entertained at a banquet by the Liberal Union Club.—The great naturalist, Sir Richard Owen, now in his eighty-sixth year, has had a stroke of paralysis. A sustained improvement in his condition was reported at the middle of the week.—An influential Committee, of which Lord Salisbury, the Primate, and Earl Granville are members, has been formed to collect and forward gifts of books to the Toronto University, the valuable library of which was recently destroyed by fire. Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., and Mr. Baden Powell, M.P., are acting as Honorary Treasurer and Secretary, and receive communications at 13, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.—The proprietors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company have formed a committee to present a testimonial to their chairman, Mr. George Livesey, for the energy, courage, and skill he displayed MISCELLANEOUS. - Lord Hartington's health is now completely George Livesey, for the energy, courage, and skill he displayed in successfully meeting the recent strike of the company's stokers. Subscriptions, of not more than two guineas each, are invited from the public.—Professor Boyd Dawkins, in a paper read on Tuesday before the Manchester Geological Society, spoke very hopefully of the coal measures discovered near Dover, predicting that they would be of enormous commercial value, and would develop a new industry in the South of England.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-seventh year, of General Julius E. Goodwyn, Colonel 41st (the Welsh) Regiment; of Major-General Alexander Mackenzie, who entere I the army half-a-century ago, and was severely wounded when serving with Have-lock's Column during the Indian Mutiny; in his seventy-first year, of Admiral Maitland-Dougall; in his seventy-sixth year, of Vice-Admiral Arthur L. Mansell; in his seventy-third year, of the Rev. James B. T. Landon, Canon of York; in or about his eighty-second year, of Canon Hopwood, many years Rector of Winwick, one of the richest livings in Lancashire; in his eighty-second year, of Sir Peter Coats, head of the great Paisley firm of thread manufacturers, who was knighted in 1869; of Captain R. D. Anstruther, Governor of H.M. Prison, Pentonville; in his eightieth year, of Mr. Alexander Grahame, head of the well-known firm of Parlia-

mentary agents, Grahame and Co., Great George Street, Westminster; in his fifty-fourth year, of Mr. Michael Beveridge, Provost of Kirkcaldy; in his sixty-third year, of Mr. Frederick Campion, engineer for the southern Division of the Midland Railway, with which he had been connected, directly or indirectly, for more than forty years; in his thirty-first year of Mr. James Smith, of Spennymoor, champion draughts-player of England; in his eighty-fourth year, of Mr. Charles Marshall, formerly principal scene-painter to the late Mr. Macready among others; and in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. Willium E. Shipton, for more than thirty years Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.



LORD HERSCHELL, presiding recently at the annual dinner of the United Law Society, advised aspirants at the Bar to be hopeful. He himself had once been very despondent, and nearly accepted a tempting offer made to him to go to the Colonies. His success was a long time in coming, but it came at last, as it would to every man who was determined to get on, and who did not mind working early and late to achieve his end. The number of men at the Bar was very large indeed, but the number of those who had carefully prepared themselves for success and who had continued to work in spite of disappointments was remarkably small.

The St. Stephen's Review some time ago spoke very contemptuously of the London Anti-Coercion and Home Rule Committee, and of a Mr. Doughty, who was one of its chief members, and who had been imprisoned in Ireland when he went there to and who had been imprisoned in Ireland when he went there to advocate the Plan of Campaign. He took, and successfully, criminal proceedings against the proprietors and printers of the Review, but the convictions were quashed by the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. Mr. Doughty has just brought an action for libel, tried before Mr. Baron Huddleston, against the de endants in the former suit, while some of them claimed from Doughty the costs sustained in the indictment already referred to as quashed. The plaintiff, in cross-examination, admitted that he was insolvent when he went to Ireland to denounce landlords, and that he himself had distrained on a tenant, one Loban, who had been dismissed from the Chairmanship of the Anti-Coercion and Home Rule Association for being drunk at a public meeting. The plaintiff asserted that in consequence of the alleged libel, his customers in a milk business, which he had started, deserted him, and he furnished a list of their names, but he had to confess that some of them ceased to deal with him before the alleged libel appeared. The jury gave a verdict for the defendants, both on Doughty's claim and on their counter-claim. and on their counter-claim.

and on their counter-claim.

AT THE OPENING OF THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY on Monday into the disastrous railway accident at Carlisle last week, the conductor of the express gave evidence to the effect that at Wigan and Preston the brake acted properly. But when, about a mile and a quarter from the south side of Carlisle Station, he put on the automatic brake, and held it down for about ten seconds, he did not feel it taking any effect on the train, which ran through Carlisle Station at a speed of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. According to other witnesses, no defect was found in the brake when it was examined after the accident. The inquiry was adjourned.

examined after the accident. The inquiry was adjourned.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST ON AMELIA JEFFS, the ill-fated and innocent victim of the West Ham murder, was resumed and concluded on Monday. The evidence adduced threw no light on the hitherto impenetrable mystery of the twofold outrage. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, &c., against some person or persons unknown, and desired to draw attention to the dark and incomplete state of the roads in the vicinity of the scene of the

THOMAS NEAL, aged sixty-nine, has been tried at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of wife murder, under circumstances previously detailed in this column. His counsel contended that the case was one of manslaughter, but the jury found him guilty of wilful murder, and he was sentenced to death by Lord Chief Justice

Coler dge.

WILLIAM WHITTAM, aged thirty-one, whose career, and the contents of whose intercepted letters to his wife, describing his attempts and plans for escape from custody, with his efforts to commit suicide in prison, have been previously referred to in this column, has been acquitted at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of intending to murder the constable at whom he fired a revolver, but found guilty of shooting with intent to resist his apprehension, and to do grievous bodily harm. The Lord Chief Justice sentenced him to five years' penal servitude.

ARNEMANN, the German dentist, who, it will be remembered, shot at and severely wounded Judge Bristowe, at Nottingham, because

ARNEMANN, the German dentist, who, it will be remembered, shot at and severely wounded Judge Bristowe, at Nottingham, because the latter had given a decision against him in a County Court action, has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

ELIZA FITZHUGH, who obtained credit by pretending that she was employed in a musical capacity by the Princess of Wales, there having really been, it may be remembered, a housemaid of that name at Marlborough House, was tried at the Old Bailey with her at Marlborough House, was tried at the Old Bailey with her mother, whom before the magistrate, it may also be remembered, she exculpated completely, on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences. The jury acquitted the mother; and finding the daughter guilty, strongly recommended her to mercy. The Recorder sentenced her to a month's imprisonment. One of her frauds was perpetrated to procure a decent funeral for her father.

DR. SCHLIEMANN begins fresh excavations at Troy this month. He intends to lay two railway lines to carry away the rubbish, and has suilt several wooden houses, covered with waterproof linen, to accommodate the visitors whom he expects to watch his labours.

ALMANACS AS YEAR-BOOKS. — Simply as almanacs the "Live-Stock Journal," "The Farming World," "Vinton's Agricultural," "The East Anglian," and "Farmer and Country Gentleman's Almanac" have not been noted in our Rural column; but to man's Almanac nave not seen noted in our Kural column; but to all of them, as year-books, full of permanently valuable matter, contributed by our best agriculturists and stock-breeders, unstinted commendation must be given: they are treasuries of practical

information.

A FLOWER GIRLS' BRIGADE.—A very well-meaning effort is on foot just now, we learn from *The Daily Graphic*, to organise a brigade of flower-sellers, who should wear an uniform and enjoy fixed rates of pay. Several efforts to amend the condition of this class have been made since the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury first took up their cause, but without any very signal success. There is nothing to prevent the girl with a few shillings capital from embarking in the precarious trade, and it is probable that any little regiment of these young women would meet with rough treatment at the hands of their unorganised sisters. Perhaps the best way in which they have yet been helped is at the Clerkenwell Mission, under Mr. Groom, where they are taught the pretty trade of artificial flower-making, and other useful, womanly crafts, with a view to removing them altogether from the streets with their temptations and hardships. temptations and hardships.

COLOUR BLINDNESS

AT a recent meeting of the Society of Arts a paper was read by Mr. Brudenell Carter on "Practical Vision Testing." Much interesting discussion followed regarding its bearing on railway signals, and lights guiding vessels at sea. The importance of such an inquiry has not hitherto been adequately realised by the public. Again and again has it been brought to the surface, and permitted to drop out of notice. We are apt to take it for granted that all see moderately well. A friend may be known for years without it becoming apparent that his sense of colour differs from the ordinary standard, and the general public is apt to judge that the crotchets of scientific men are not to be thought of as ffecting life in its practical aspect. But it is time now to awake fully to the fact that on the right perception of colour the lives of thousands may at any moment aspect. But it is time now to awake fully to the fact that on the right perception of colour the lives of thousands may at any moment depend. Many carefully-conducted researches prove that nearly four per cent. of the male population are more or less colour-blind. So far back as 1684 we find notice of a woman who saw only blick and white, and since that date scientific men have been continually adding to our knowledge on this subject. Several distinguished scientific men have themselves exemplified it, amongst them the continual strength and then Pattern It has them being Dugald Stewart, M. Sismondi, and John Dalton. It has sometimes been called Daltonism, owing to the publicity given by

All are not affected alike. In extreme cases no colour is seen. Others see colours feebly, being unable to distinguish lighter shades from each other; while, with the greater number, red is the colour least evident. To some, red appears black; to others it seems green. Artificial light, in the form of gas, lamp, or candle, is helpful in some cases, lovers of flowers having been frequently

is helpful in some cases, lovers of flowers having been frequently known to take a lamp or candle into their conservatories in order to procure the pleasure of seeing scarlet flowers, whose brilliant tint was invisible to them in daylight. Drapers, also, have availed themselves of this help, by having a gas-lit room into which they might retire when puzzled by colour in serving customers.

It need not be said that a deficiency of this kind is a serious hindrance to success in this, and in many other departments of industry. Numerous instances might be given illustrative of this, and of the desire for deliverance from the infirmity. These, however, are matters of importance only to isolated individuals. What has chiefly to be considered is the bearing of this peculiarity on public affairs.

Unfortunately, the colours selected for signalling, both by land and sea, are those in which mistakes are most frequently made; and there can be no doubt that many collisions by rail, and the loss of many vessels at sea, are due to such mistakes on the part of pilots and signalmen. In a paper published in *Nature* (September 5th, 1889), a writer on this subject mentions three collisions of vessels known to have arisen from this cause. Not only were lives lost, but in money also the loss of two of these vessels was reckoned at 410,000. The same writer refers to the "Researches on Colour-Blindness," by Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, who was amongst the first to point out the importance of excluding colour-blind men the first to point out the importance of excluding colour-blind men from the seafaring business, as well as from railway-signal service. In this paper it is asked, "What are the precautions taken to guard against those dangers which the employment of colour-blind and defective far-sighted sailors renders possible? We answer advisedly, and after careful inquiry, practically none." The tests applied are not sufficient to exclude unfit persons from the service.

In the Reports of the Board of Trade for 1885, 1887, and 1888, forty-five officers are mentioned as rejected for colour-blindness, yet these gentlemen were eventually passed, and received certificates

In the Reports of the Board of Trade for 1885, 1887, and 1888, forty-five officers are mentioned as rejected for colour-blindness, yet these gentlemen were eventually passed, and received certificates of efficiency. In the nature of things some gross wrong is here evident, for either they were not colour-blind, and ought not to have been rejected, or they are colour-blind still, and have the lives of their fellow-men in charge; for colour-blindness is an incurable defect, and in the interval between the examinations no miracle in their favour was possible. Sight must needs be of the best to overcome the difficulties of actual service, for, at sea and on railways, a few minutes only elapse between warning and disaster. One moment's hesitation as to the colour of the signal is fatal. Add to this the difficulties arising from rain, wind, snow, or fog, and we see that the men in charge need the fullest command of vision, perfect in all respects. In the House of Commons notice was given recently by Dr. Farquharson that he would take an early opportunity of discussing this subject in the coming Session, and requiring from the Board of Trade authorities the insurance of needful precautions. In America attention has been fully called to the subject, and careful examinations of all applicants for railway service are made. Dr. Joy Jeffries, of Boston, has himself carried out 34,000 examinations. He has also been mainly instrumental in rendering such examinations, properly conducted, obligatory in many, if not in all the States of the Union.

Amongst the suggestions offered by Dr. George Wilson is one

the States of the Union.

Amongst the suggestions offered by Dr. George Wilson is one specially worthy of notice, viz., that form as well as colour should take a larger part in all signals. It is known, for example, that the one red tail lamp in the rear of trains has been found insufficient to prevent one train from rushing into another. But were red lamps arranged in groups, say, in the form of a triangle, a star, a diamond, or any marked design, the eye of the engine-driver would be helped to a more sure and rapid perception of the impending danger. One form of the defect in question is a difficulty in discerning rel at any distance—near-sightedness in regard to colour; and to persons suffering from this defect such arrangements would prove of service.

In women colour-blindness is found to a much less extent than in

In women colour-blindness is found to a much less extent than in

In women colour-blindness is found to a much less extent than in men, and hence it has been shrewdly suggested by an intelligent lady that women cateris paribus would make safer signallers and signal observers than men. In Continental countries one sees women employed in apparently the humbler departments of railway signal service, and there seems no reason why they should not be more frequently turned to account in this way.

In examinations, applicants know something of what is likely to be required from them, and some have a certain knowledge of colour which seems to guide them occasionally in the right direction. They also know that what they see as drab, e.g., is seen as green or red by the normal eye, and their answers are prompted by such knowledge. In wools, which are often used as colour tests, the texture sometimes gives a hint as to colour, for some dyes are known to give hardness to the wool, while others leave it soft. Those born blind sometimes distinguish colour in this way.

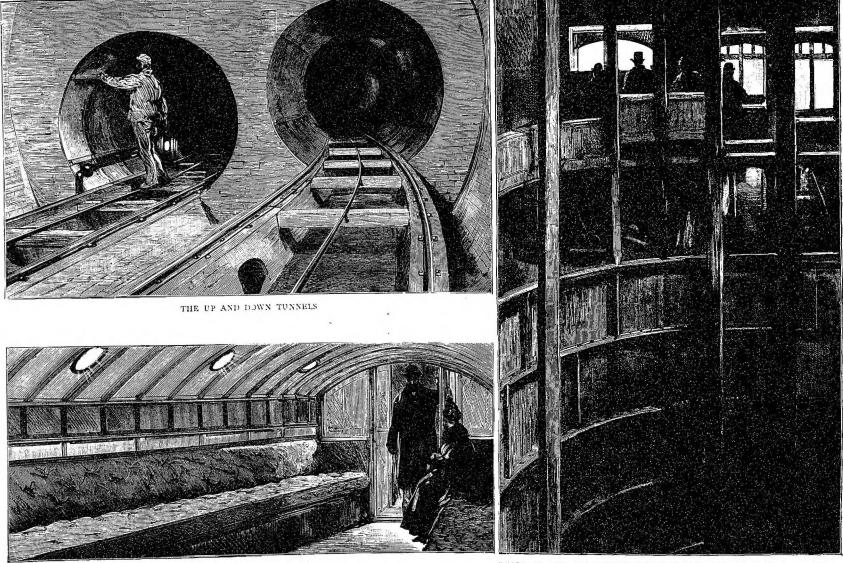
We are glad that public attention is again being drawn to this

We are glad that public attention is again being drawn to this subject in all its bearings. When its importance is thoroughly understood there can be no doubt that greater safety to human life will result. The tremendous speed now attained by some of our Ariantic steamers calls for increased perfection in every department

Japan does not take altogether kindly to her new Constitution, and the organisation of her first Parliament—which meets in May—arouses considerable agitation. The Buddhist priests in particular object to being excluded from the House of Representatives, and have petitioned the Emperor to remove their political disabilities. They urge that as they are liable to military service, like their fellow-subjects, they ought to possess similar political rights. It is generally believed that the steady increase of Christianity throughout the Empire has inspired the priests with this protest, as they out the Empire has inspired the priests with this protest, as they hope, if admitted, to be strong enough in Parliament to get Christianity forbidden by law.



GYMKHANA RACES OF THE HONGKONG POLO CLUB-THE FAI-TEE STAKES



INTERIOR OF A CARRIAGE

SHAFT OF THE LIFT WHICH CONVEYS PASSENGERS TO THE RAIL LEVEL.

THE LONDON AND SOUTHWARK SUBWAY



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

She was keeping them all in play with the adroitness and ease of an Indian juggler with a handful of balls.

"MADAME LEROUX"

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE, By

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

"This is the young lady," said Mrs. Hawkins, leading Lucy up 10 Madame Leroux.

Lucy bowed nervously; but the elder woman, instead of returning her salutation, stood gazing at her with a singular, dreamy, farway look, as if she were lost to all around her.

It passed in a few seconds, however, and gave place to a glance of cool inspection. "You have no experience, I think? You have never taught?" she said.

"No, madame; but I am most anxious to do my best. With a little direction, I think I shall soon be able to—"

"Oh, I dare say you will; the duties are not very difficult. Frailein Schulze will put you in the way." Then, with another thoughtful look at the girl's downcast face, she turned away. "Where does she come from?" she asked altruptly of Marie.

"From Eastfield—no, Westfield—a village somewhere in the Mi-fland counties. Her uncle, or uncle-in-law, is Adolphe's cousin—a Mr. Shard."

Marie did not very accurately remember, if she had ever been

Marie did not very accurately remember, if she had ever been bild, the exact nature of Lucy's connection with the Shards, which she would have considered practically unimportant. The amount of the percentage she would be able to secure for herself out of the

breaming are would be able to seem to install a security of the security of th

Lucy was thus free to watch her unobserved, which she did with Lacy was thus free to watch her unobserved, which she did with a strange mixture of feelings. She was vexed with herself for not bring more clated at her success; and yet—it had all come about a differently from what she had expected. Her chief anxiety had been caused by the doubt whether her acquirements would reach the standard required by the mistress of a "first-rate finishing school," as Mr. Hawkins described it. But all that part of the business had been record curve as if it were of trifling consequence. business had been passed over, as if it were of trilling consequence. For be sure, Mrs. Hawkins had guaranteed her efficiency; but she remembered that, in discussing various schools, Mrs. Hawkins had by no means seemed to think that her unsupported recommendation

would suffice to secure an engagement in any of them.

"Well, certainly," said Lucy to herself, at length, "it is absurdly perverse to be discontented because I have succeeded too easily!"

And she resolved to be duly thankful and content.

But such resolutions are more easily made than kept.

She was conscious of a little sinking of the heart when she contrasted—as she could not help doing—the idea she had formed beforehand of the accomplished and clever head of a first-rate school with the reality before her. She had never imagined any one even distantly resembling Madame Leroux. Madame was a great deal more brilliant, a great deal more handsome, possibly a great deal more clever—but she was not Lucy's ideal schoolmistress.

Then, too, the quession kept persistently recurring to her mind—ever since she had read the signature to the letter—could this lady, who called herself Caroline Graham Leroux, be the same Caroline Graham of whom Miss Feltham had talked to her at Enderby Court? Her mind inclined, now to an affirmative, now to a negative, answer, but rested satisfied with neither. Caroline Graham, although not so common as—as Lucy Smith, for instance—was not so unusual a name but that it probably was borne by a great many women having no connection with each other. And yet she could not help fancying that some touches in Miss Feltham's description seemed to apply to this lady. When she remembered these, she shrunk from admitting the possibility that the demoiselle de compagnie and her own future the possibility that the demoiselle de compagnie and her own future employer might be one and the same person. And yet, on the other hand, Caroline Graham must surely have had some fine qualities to draw forth so emphatic a tribute of regard as Lady Charlotte had uttered at Sir Lionel's table.

Over and over again she told herself that she would not trouble her head with any more speculations on the subject; and over and over again the question returned with the persistence of a

At length she suddenly resolved to ask Mrs. Hawkins if she had At length she suddenly resolved to ask Mrs. Hashing to be ever heard Madame Leroux speak of the Earl of Grimstock or his family. She put her question very quietly, speaking close to Mrs. Hawkins's ear; but that lady looked round quietly to see if Madame

Leroux were listening, as she answered:

"Tchut! don't talk about them to her.

Madame hates the sound

of their name!"

"Hates the sound of their name?"

"Yes, they behaved very badly to her when she was a young girl—turned her out of the house, and maligned her, and—"Oh, indeed, that is not true! There is some mistake!" exclaimed

Lucy impulsively.

"Oh, I'm positive there was something of the kind. Il y avait

"Oh, I'm positive there was something about it. I was a child at the
des histoires. But I know nothing about it. I was a child at the
time. Only I remember that Caroline wrote to people she knew in

Paris, where my family were living at the time, making out her own case. But do you know Lord Grimstock?" added Mrs. Hawkins, looking at her with mild curiosity.

She did not display much surprise. Strong emotions were not in Marie's line. One of the traits in her, which many persons found to the content of the property of the property of the property.

most captivating, was the innocent serenity of her manner. It was far from being dull or stagnant; but reminded one of the cheerful course of a clear, shallow little brook, which ripples and breaks itself now and again against some weed or pebble, just sufficiently to escape monotony, and to catch the play of the sunbeams. Such at least, was the impression made on strangers, particularly on strangers of the male sex—unless, indeed, they happened to be creditors anxious for the payment of a long standing bill, in which case they were liable to find Mrs. Hawkins's graceful insouciance

rather unsympathetic.

"No: I do not know Lord Grimstock," answered Lucy, with a pained, perplexed expression on her face. "But I know some one—I was told—a lady who had been governess in the

family—"
"Ah! You should not attach any importance to that sort of thing, my dear Miss Smith! Generally people's stories are not true. And if they are, it generally don't matter."

It was hopeless to attempt any further explanation to, or expect any further elucidation from, Mrs. Hawkins. Lucy had heard approach to make her feel sure that Yalama Lucy was the Coarlo

enough to make her feel sure that Madame Leroux was the Caroline Graham who had once lived as a petted favourite in the Gaunt household.

But how could it be that she should "hate the sound of their name," while Lady Charlotte made it a point of honour to praise her devotion to the family?

It was perplexing beyond measure. Lucy could not content herself with Mrs. Hawkins's philosophy. But the advice which that lady presently gave her was doubtless sound; and had at least this merit—by no means common to all friendly council—that it was possible to follow it.

"Listen, Miss Smith," Marie had said amiably. "I will give you a valuable hint. Madame Leroux demands, above all things, discretion in her subordinates. You are not likely to spread cancars in the school. You have too much sense. That kind of thing is not only vulgar, but bde. But I would advise you to say as little as possible about Madame, good or bad. It is so safe to hold one's tongue! and so easy! But I grant that if one once begins to ta'k, it is not at all easy to stop short just at the right point.

Lucy glided back to her place near Fatima. "Well, what do you think of her now?" asked the latter, with

her eyes fixed on Madame Leroux.

"She seems to have most brilliant spirits. I had scarcely imagined that a schoolmistress with all her weight of responsibility made he as most. But I suppose she enjoys getting out of school

imagined that a schoolmistress with all her weight of responsibilty could be so merry! But I suppose she enjoys getting out of school as much as any of her pupils."

"Oh, yes;" answered Fatima, bitterly. "No doubt she will be very different in Douro House, Kensington, to-morrow. She has a daylight manner, as well as a daylight face."

"I wish," said Lucy, to change the subject, "that Mr. Frampton Fennell would give us the conclusion of his lecture on criticism. I think he is very amusing. But surely he must be more than half in joke most of the time!"

"Neither Fennell nor any of the other men will trouble themselves to amuse us while Madame Leroux is here. She will take care of that. Just look! None of them are taking the least notice even of Marie."

Madame Leroux was seated at the opposite side of the room in a

even of Marie."

Madame Leroux was seated at the opposite side of the room in a low chair near the fireplace. On the hearthrug in front of the empty grate, and with his elbow on the mantelpiece, stood Mr. Frampton Fennell, conspicuously absorbed in looking at and listening to her; to her right hand, and a little behind her chair, sat Harrington Jersey, next to the sofa on which his hostess was placed, and facing Madame, were Mr. Hawkins and Zephany, the latter still resting his arms on the back of his chair, and still gravely regarding Madame Leroux.

latter still resting his arms on the back of his chair, and still gravely regarding Madame Leroux.

She was keeping them all in play with the adroitness and ease of an Indian juggler with a handful of balls. She no more allowed the attention of any one of the four men to wander from her than the Indian's lithe hand allows one of his glittering globes to fall to the ground. Now and then one might seem to be on the point of eluding her; but she was sure to catch him with triumphant dexterity, and to give him a graceful toss into the air, which made him fancy he was flying by his own impulse.

It was a curious game for a disinterested spectator to watch. But poor Fatima looked on with a sick sinking of the heart, for she had suffered from it. A year ago she had fancied that Jersey cared for

poor Fatima looked on with a sick sinking of the heart, for she had suffered from it. A year ago she had fancied that Jersey cared for her. Perhaps it was his naturally soft and caressing manner towards women which had misled her; perhaps he had really felt some tenderness for the girl, whose amiable and unselfish temper he had had many opportunities of appreciating, and whose undisguised and admiring belief in his talents was certainly very agreeable. Poor little Fatima had allowed herself to fall over head and ears in love with the good-humoured Irishman; and, for a while, was perfectly with the good-humoured Irishman; and, for a while, was perfectly

happy in her day-dream.

But one day, Madame Leroux chancing to meet Jersey at the Hawkins's, all Fatima's cloud-castles were shattered and dispersed with ruthless celevity.

Hawkins's, all Fatima's cloud-castes were shate-feed with ruthless celerity.

"I wouldn't mind—at least, I wouldn't complain," said Fatima, to herself, "if it were a question of his happiness. But she cares not a straw for him. She has taken him away from me—for I think he did like me—just to gratify her insatiable vanity. And when once that is accomplished, she will never give a second thought to either of us!"

But all there things Fatima proudly kept in her own heart, and

to either of us!"

But all these things Fatima proudly kept in her own heart, and spoke no word of them. Untrained, untutored, living among unscrupulous people and shifty ways, she yet was sound at the core; and had wholesome womanly instincts. And although she frequently outraged the conventional proprieties, there was not a man in all her miscellaneous acquaintance who would willingly have offended Fatima by so much as a light word.

offended Fatima by so much as a light word.

Peals of laughter now broke from the group near the fireplace, where the rest of the company had become the mere spectators of a sort of duel between Madame Leroux and Zephany. Zephany had sort of duel between Madame Leroux and Zepnany. Zepnany had been giving her his attention, it was true; but she was sensible that it was not a wholly admiring attention. He remained inflexibly grave at many of her sallies. He was cool, quiet, and critical. Caroline Leroux's mettle was roused. Ruthlessly audacious, archly playful, airily vivacious—"everything by turns, and nothing long"—she addressed herself to extract a compliment from him, to extort a laugh, to compel him to admire her on some ground or other, no matter what. natter what.

Gradually his icy manner thawed; he grew warm in the contest;

she provoked him to answer her sharply once or twice, and then made as if she were mortified by his harshness. She assumed such an air of being hurt, humbled, and out of countenance at his superiority in word-fence, that he fell into the trap, and began to relent, to apologise, to soften what he had said. Upon this, she suddenly turned round with feline swiftness, and administered two or three

pitiless courbs de fatte, in the shape of sarcastic mockery; her eyes dancing, her red lips smiling in triumph.

It was so clever, so unexpected, so fiankly audacious, that Zephany, after a second's pause of dismay, burst into a genuine, almost boyish, laugh. He got up from his chair and kissed her hand.

"Madame," said he, "I beg for quarter! You are invincible and irresistible."

At this moment supper was announced, and Mr. Hawkins advanced to offer his arm to Madame Leroux; but she declined, she would accept no escort but Zephany's. They all rose together,

haughing and talking.

Madame Leroux put her arm through Zephany's, and turned her head coquettishly over her shoulder to speak to the others, who were following in her wake.

"It's just like that delightful picture of Carpaccio's that I once can in a little out of the way church in Venice." she said "It's just hise that delightful picture of Carpaccio's that I once saw in a little out-of-the-way church in Venice," she said. "Saint George has subdued a basilisk—such a queer, grim, tragicomical monster!—and holds him in a leash; and one sees that the saint is a great deal prouder of his capture than he would have been of the beautifullest beast in creation. When one has bagged a basilisk, one holds him tight."

"And one lashes him hard," added Zephany.

The whole party descended the stairs in unceremonious disorder; and the two girls remained behind in the drawing-room absolutely forgotten.

forgotten.

Lucy looked at her companion. "Do you think they mean us to have any supper?" she said, quietly. "Shall we go?"

To her surprise, the tears were standing in Fatima's syes, and

she exclaimed, reproachfully-

"Oh, to think of Zephany! The idea of his breaking down and condescending to flatter her!—and he knows better! Then she muttered, in a lower tone, "I think the woman is a witch!"

But the next moment her face brightened wonderfully, for

Harrington Jersey appeared at the door.

"Fatima! Miss Smith!" he called. "What are you doing here? I am sent to bring you downstairs."

"We were coming," answered Lucy. "Please to take Fatima, Mr. Jersey. There is not room for us to go together; I will

follow. To Jersey it mattered very little which of the two girls he escorted; but when Fatima looked up at him, radiant with delight, as she placed her hand on his coat-sleeve, he was touched, and

"We haven't had a chat together this—ever so long, have we, Fatima? You must sit next me. It will be quite like old

The supper was an excellent one. Marie had taken the matter into her own hands; and when she did so, the question of expense

was never allowed to interfere with enjoyment. Indeed she held it, moreover, to be a sound maxim of domestic economy, "that which you have eaten and drunk, your creditors cannot deprive you of!"

which you have eaten and drunk, your creditors cannot deprive which you have eaten and drunk, your creditors cannot deprive you of!"

As the wine went round, Mr. Hawkins waxed eloquent on the extraordinary fortunes that were to be made, with a sum of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds to start with; and bemoaned the "cursed spite" of Fate which seemed to have bemoaned the "cursed spite" of Fate which seemed to have ordained that the people who knew how to speculate never should have any money, while the people who had money never understood how to speculate. Jersey became more tender in his manner to Fatima, and dropped his voice lower and lower as he talked into her fatima, and dropped his voice lower and lower as he talked into her willing ear. And even Mr. Fennell was impelled to bestow so much attention on his neighbour, Lucy, as consisted in addressing a good many profound observations to her, which no one else appeared to be at leisure to listen to.

"I presume," said he, adjusting his eye-glass, and assuming a lofty air, "that you have not read much poetry."

"Why?" asked Lucy, demurely.

"Eh? Why—what?"

"Why do you presume that I have not read much poetry?"

As Mr. Fennell had really had no reason on earth for saying so, beyond his vague and general notion that whosoever he happened to be conversing with would probably be in a position to require enlightenment from him, he was a little taken aback at this.

"Oh—well!—ahem!—young ladies of your age are not generally—. However, I was about to remark that the distinct degradation of our literature in general, and our poetry in particular, is to be traced to the lax and weak indulgence of the critics."

"Is it, indeed? But then one cannot help asking "are literature and poetry in so very degraded a state?"

"As to that, there cannot be a doubt."

and poetry in so very degraded a state? "As to that, there cannot be a doubt."
"Oh!"

"Not the shadow of a doubt. Imagine a fellow like the man at the other end of the table publishing a volume of poems!"

"Mr. Jersey? Oh, yes; I know. They are only little vers de soci'té, 'Songs of the Tea-Kettle?"

"Well, I assure you, Miss—a—Miss——"

"Smith."

"Well, I assure you, Miss—a—Miss——"
"Smith."
"Exactly! I assure you, Miss Smith, that that wretched little vo'ume is full of errors in taste, in syntax, in prosody!"
Lucy was tempted to inquire why her old friends orthography and etymology were omitted from the list; but she forebore.
"It contains specimens of every form of barbarism, solecism, and cacophany of which English verse is capable,"
"Dear me! That sounds very dreadful."
"But does any one boldly say so in print? Not at all. Jersey has the reputation of being 'a good sort of fellow,' and so his friends in the press, if they do not actually belaud him—and some do! some even do that!—leave him alone, and the public taste is systematically degraded. So little is conscientious sincerity in these points understood or appreciated, that when I myself, not many hours ago, made some rather searching strictures on the 'Songs of the Tea-kettle,' Jersey became angry—absolutely lost his temper! The great standards of Art are as nothing; one must spare one's friends' susceptibilities, forsooth!"

"But don't you think that the reviewers who praised Mr. Jersey's book may really have liked it?"

This suggestion appeared so utterly wild to Mr. Fennell that he disdained to reply to it, except by a scornful smile—which had the effect of sending his eyeglass with a crash into his plate.

Mrs. Hawkins now made a sign to Fatima, who rose from the table! and Lucy, seeing this, rose also.

had the effect of sending his eyeglass with a crash into his plate.

Mrs. Hawkins now made a sign to Fatima, who rose from the table; and Lucy, seeing this, rose also.

"Are you going?" asked Mr. Fennell.

"I suppose so," answered Lucy, looking hesitatingly at Mr. Hawkins. It was not the custom in that household for the men to remain at table after the ladies. They usually followed the foreign fashion, and all withdrew together. But now Mrs. Hawkins kept her place at the head of the table, and held out her hand to Lucy.

"Good night, Miss Smith," she said, with her usual sweetness.

"Good night, "said Lucy.

It was clearly intended that she should go; and, accordingly, she moved quietly towards the door. Fatima followed her with more reluctant steps, and they went upstairs together.

"I know what that's for," said Fatima. "That's Madame Leroux's doing. She detests the society of young girls. They are going to smoke now."

"Well, surely it is no injury that we are not allowed to partake of their smoke. I am very glad to be out of it, and very willing to go to bed."

Fatima was vexed at being deprived of another hour of Jersey's society. But, on the whole, she was far happier than she had been

society. But, on the whole, she was far happier than she had been for a long time. He had been so kind, so sweet to her! And he had scarcely looked at Madame Leroux all supper-time.

Lucy lay down with the full intention of collecting her thoughts and reviewing the situation. Could it be really she, Lucy Marston, who had been spending the evening among all those strange people, and who, moreover, was engaged as a teacher in the school of Madame Leroux, formerly Caroline Graham? The very sound of her own old name seemed to belong to a far-away time.

But, when she closed her eyes, pictures of Enderby Court and the village crowded into her mind. She thought not only of Mildred, but of many persons who had been familiar figures in her daily life, but for whom she had no special regard. Among those was Edgar

but for whom she had no special regard. Among those was Edgar Tomline. He had known the house where she was born; and she wondered if any memories remained among the people there of her own mother—that mother who was like a phantom to her imagination, but of whom she had thought more and more of late in her friendless isolation.

At length she fell asleep; and, towards morning, dreamt that Madame Leroux, looking steadfastly at her, had changed into a basilisk; and, trembling and oppressed, she woke to see the dingy dawn of London show its yellow face at her window, and begin the first day of the new life that lay before her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE holidays were so near at hand when Lucy entered on her duties at Douro House that she found what disorganised. Every one's thoughts and efforts were directed towards making a brilliant figure on the last day of the term. This was to be celebrated by a matinite, at which a few recitations in French, German, and English, and some musical pieces, were to be referent, German, and English, and some musical pieces, were to be performed by some of the pupils. But the whole affair was to assume, as far as possible, the character of a fashionable gathering, and to suggest as little as could be contrived an ordinary school "breaking up," with prize-giving, and such antiquated ceremonials. Madame Leroux's connection was said to lie almost exclusively among persons of rank and fashion, which reputation had filled her school with the daughters of persons who had neither

school with the daughters of persons who had neither. As a matter of fact, there were scarcely any girls of aristocracic family among the boarders in Douro House; but Madame had established certain boarders in Douro House; but Madame nad established certain select day-classes, which were attended by girls of first-rate social standing, whose families lived in the neighbourhood. Thus the wealthy stockbrokers' and manufacturers' wives were able to boast that their girls were schoolfellows of Lord A.'s, and Sir B. C.'s, and Lady D.'s daughters; and they were willing to pay highly for the privilege.

A great deal was said by Madame Leroux herself, and by others,

about the "tone" of her school. It was an unpleasantly pretentious tone; it was also a tone which fostered worldliness, extravagance, and vanity. But the glamour of it brought grist to Madame's mill. She herself was wont to speak of it in a frankly cynical mill. She herself was wont to speak of it in a frankly cynical fashion to sundry confidential friends entirely outside the sphere of "prunes and prism." "One is obliged to go in for super-finery, she would say. "Nothing can be more ludicrously vulgar; Ly nothing, in my line of business, pays so well!"

Lucy, on her arrival at Douro House, was put under the charge of Fraülein Schulze, who had orders to set her in the way of her duties, and initiate her into the routine of the house. The Frauler and a plain, spectacled, hard-featured woman, over fife with

duties, and initiate ner into the footine of the house. The fra decay was a plain, spectacled, hard-featured woman, over fifty, when seemed to have become a sort of governessing-machine, and to have seemed to have become a sort of governessing-machine, and to have neither loves nor hates, hopes nor fears, nor any human emoting and the school of the scho

peculiarly indeous accent—that this shall would not have time a learn her "tudies" before the holidays arrived.

During the whole of the first day after her arrival Lucy did 1 to once see Madame Leroux. Madame did not take much part the general teaching, and sometimes did not enter the school to the several days together; but she was supposed to exercise a grant supervision over all the studies, and would now and then extraord some special class in her own room. There were, however, less masters and mistresses from outside—" professors" of that, who came and went all day long; rushing in to give the four lessons of fifteen minutes' duration each, and rushing four lessons of fifteen minutes' duration each, and rushing the special almost dizzy in watching this procession, and wonder how it had been possible for any of the pupils to learn anything all on such a system. She began to understand it somewhat be a when she found that the whole drudgery of teaching fell on shoulders of two or three obscure subordinates; and that the six

shoulders of two or three obscure subordinates; and that the ly object aimed at and achieved by the payment of guineas and have guineas for those hurried fifteen minutes was to enable young lakes

to boast themselves pupils of Herr Getöse and Signor Strilloni.

She perceived, moreover, that the "tone" of the school delight include courtesy or consideration towards the subordinate teachers. and was amazed at the vulgar insolence with which she was the tell by certain of the boarders. So grossly rule was the behavior of one of them, that Lucy went to Fraulein Schulze and declared the intention of complaining to Madame Leroux if the glid del not amend her manners. But the old experienced hand assured her

amend her manners. But the old experienced hand assured her that such a proceeding would be worse than useless.

"What do you suppose Madame would do?" asked Franch Schulze, her light eyes blinking through her spectacles, and it forehead puckered into a frown. "You don't imagine she and send Miss Cohen away, do you?"

"I should think Madame would not let her remain to give a lat example if she persists in behaving so unlike a lady."

"Sancta Simplicitas! Do you know how much Miss Cohen pays? Madame can find many more poor young ladies anxious to teach the piano than rich ones willing to learn it. One keeps a school to make money. If you can fight it out for yourself, and go the better of Miss Cohen, well and good. Madame will not intrefere. But I tell you once for all you will do yourself harm by complaining. If you are sensitiff you should not be a teacher."

fere. But I tell you once for all you will do yourself harm by complaining. If you are sensitiff you should not be a teacher."

On the second day, Lucy saw Madame Leroux; and the moment she beheld her, Fatima's words recurred to her mind: "She it a daylight manner as well as a daylight face."

Surely this was a different woman from her whom she had last seen across Mr. Adolphus Hawkins's supper table! The roses of her complexion had considerably paled, and her luxuriant code her complexion had considerably paled, and her luxuriant code were partially hiddden under a triangular piece of delicate lice. Her dress was rich and elegant, but subdued in colour, and without rustle or glitter. But it was in the expression of Ler face—it was in the manner of moving and speaking, even in the very tone of the voice, that the remarkable change consisted which struck Lary with astonishment. with astonishment.

with astonishment.

This woman—yes; this woman did come very near (at all everts in outward presentment) to the ideal schoolmistress she fail pictured to herself. There was nothing prim or stiff, no assumption of gravity about her. But the bright avacity of her glance and her smile had lost their coquettish poignancy, and beamed with the kindliest radiance. Her easy grace ulness, her perfect text, the subtle mixture of authority and gentleness in all she said and list. were admirable; and their effect was enhanced by an air f

were admirable, and their effect was considered good breeding.

Watching her for a while, herself unnoticed, Lucy recognized distinct traces of Lady Charlotte Gaunt's manner at her best. Certain turns of phrase, and even certain movements of the head were Lady Charlotte to the life. Caroline Graham, in short, ess acting her former patroness with remarkable histrionic ability. Her present represent represent respection was of a softened and favourable kind; but it present rendering was of a softened and favourable kind; but it was not difficult to imagine her giving a very different version and Charlotte's air noble. Her powers would undoubte by the country to a very continuous contention.

equal to a very scathing caricature.

Madame Leroux was clearly the object of her pupils' enthus sto admiration. Her sayings were quoted, her beauty was praised her e'egance was held up as a model. Madame took care never appear in an unpopular character. If a reproof were her administered or a petition refused, these disagreeable fundaments were delegated to some one else. Generally they fell to the fraulein Schulze, who didn't mind being unpopular; or it did mind, at all events made no remonstrance, which did great well.

well.

As regarded the material conditions of her life, one piece of gold fortune befel Lucy; she had a room to herself. It was a need closet at the top of the house, with a little window in the roof, at originally intended for storing linen or some such household gown. She sould close the door and be alone there.

She soon found, however, that there were scarcely any miner available for being alone, until bed-time. It was not that regular occupations were so incessant; but in the bustle of prejution for the matinical available rooms were so incessant; but in the bustle of prejution for the matinical available of small tasks devolved on her, the simple reason that no one else would undertake them.

the simple reason that no one else would undertake them. It is simple reason that no one else would undertake them. It is then one or two pupils who were to play and recite on the grady had to be unremittingly drilled in their show pieces Galical every spare half hour, until certain combinations of notes words lost all significance in Lucy's ear by sheer iterated and became mere irritants to her quivering nerves and wear brain.

"If you are zensitiff," Fraulein Schulze had said, "you out not to be a teacher.'

Lucy was dismayed to discover how sensitive she was, not on a in heart, but in nerves, in taste, in temper. It was alarming feel so weary and disgusted at the first trial! Where were brave resolves to earn her bread with cheerfulness, and to repine it in hardeling that made her brave resolves to the same brave resolves to earn her bread with cheerfulness, and to repine it is to be a brave resolves. are hardships that made her independent, and left her her se respect? Was she going weakly to break down already?

The truth was, that Lucy—like most young creatures not increate to the horny-handed grip of necessity—had softened and mitigate the more painful details in every picture she had made of the fut in her own mind. The troubles she had represented to here were of the kind which are fall but the state. were of the kind which she felt best able to endure. But Destro

CIVITA VECCHIA

concerns herself with no such considerate adjustments. And Lucy concerns herself with no such consulerate adjustments. And Lucy was quite unprepared for most of the daily slings and arrows which as alled her fortifude and wounded her feelings. Certainly Fraulein Schulze was right. It was a terrible misfortune for a teacher to be

sensitive!

She had written a few lines to Mildred immediately on the conclusion of her engagement with Madame Leroux; dwelling on her good fortune, and the high reputation of the school; and promising to write more fully when she should have become initiated into her new life. But before she found leisure and opportunity to do so, a new reame from Mildred, which made her feel utterly forlers.

new life. But perore she found lessure and opportunity to do so, a letter came from Mildred, which made her feel utterly forforn.

The Inderlys were going abroad earlier than had been at first intended. They were to spend August and part of September in the standard and then travel slowly towards. intended. They were to spend August and part of September in Switzerland, and then travel slowly towards Rome, visiting Venice and the Italian lakes on their way. The truth was that Sir Lionel, having once accepted the idea of foreign travel, grew impatient to try it forthwith. He was like a child expecting a promised toy, to whom to-morrow seems an intolerably long way off.

The later had been addressed to the care of Mr. Hawkins; and having it lies under Fatima's observation, she had taken the trouble to forest it. Otherwise, the chances in favour of its reaching its

having belief under ratima's observation, she had taken the trouble to forward it. Otherwise, the chances in favour of its reaching its proper destination would have been small. Mrs. Hawkins would have being the upto it must be some one else's business to attend to it; and Mr. Hawkins would have intended to see to it at the first and Mr. Hawkins would have intended to see to it at the first moment he could spare; and so it might have reached the dustman integered, in company with a mass of heterogeneous documents connected with the Beneficent Pelican, and other birds of prey.

Int it did reach Lucy's hands only two days later than it should have due; and she felt the news it contained to be a severe blow.

She had not realised, until it came, how much hope lay hidden in She had not reaused, until it came, now much hope lay hidden in her hear of returning to Enderby Court during the holidays; or, at least, or seeing Mildred frequently if she spent the vacation at Mr. Short's house. But now she seemed to feel, for the first time, the full significance of her separation from Mildred, and from all her old lie. She cried herself to sleep that night in her little attic chamber, and awoke the next morning with a throbbing head and

It was within a week of the end of the school term, when Mr. Shard wrote to inform her that arrangements had been made for her shard wrote to inform ner that arrangements had been made for her to spend the holidays at Douro House. It was not worth while, he said, to incur the expense of a journey to Westfield and back; especially since Sir Lionel and Miss Enderby would be abroad, and the Court shut up; and since, moreover, her board for the whole of the first year had been included in the bargain made with Madame Lerong.

"I paid a heavy premium for you, Lucy," wrote Mr. Shard, "and we must get all the advantage we can. You are very fortunate to be in such a tip-top establishment. And I look upon you now as having had an uncommonly good start given you. All things considered, you can't expect me to do more than I have done; and I was not your good sense to follow it up by doing the best you can for rely on your good sense to follow it up by doing the best you can for yourself in every way. Indeed, I look upon this as a sacred duty, and lave endeavoured to carry it out myself through life. Your Aunt Sarah (she is loth to relinquish the old, familiar title, although well aware, as you are, that she has no legal right to it) desires her legal and the proposed. And I am and Lave C...
Aunt Sarah (she is 10m C...
well aware, as you are, that she has no C...
love, and sends the enclosed. And I am,
"My dear Lucy,
"Yours very truly,
"JACOB SHARD."
"Stop. Sinner!!

The "enclosed" was a tiny tract, headed, "Stop, Sinner !!!"

like a pious sort of hue and cry.

The grief caused by Mildred's letter drove out any pain which might otherwise have been occasioned by Mr. Shard's. It did not matter where she spent the vacation, since she could not spend it

with the only creature who loved her. She was soon startled, however, by finding that she was not expected to remain at Douro House. On mentioning the matter to Frailein Schulze, that lady looked greatly surprised, and asked how she intended to live, seeing that Madame would probably go abroad, as usual, and that she and all the other teachers would be away. as usual, and that she and all the other teachers would be away. This was alarming. And Lucy took the bold step of seeking an interview with Madame Leroux by going straight to her room, without any preliminary asking of leave to do so.

Madame was seated at a little writing-table strewn with papers.

Most of these were bills. But there were some private notes, and one or two theatre-tickets lying in a little heap together at her right han! Over these she threw her handkerchief before saying "Come

in," in answer to Lucy's tap at the door.
"Oh, it's you, is it, Miss Smith?" she said, looking up; and then she returned her pocket-handkerchief to her pocket

"I beg your pardon, madame; I am afraid you are busy. But I

"Yes, I am bissy, of course; I always am in the last days of term. Fig. say what you have to say."

Livy, this king it the quickest way to communicate her business, banded Mr. Shard's letter to Madame Leroux. She bade Lucy sit

hande! Mr. Shard's letter to Madame Leroux. She bade Lucy sit

hander Mr. Shard's letter to Madame Leroux. She hade Lucy statom, and taking the letter, glanced through it rapidly.

"Well," she said, raising her bright eyes, "he seems a sharp practioner, "Is Mr. Shard. But what do you want me to do?"

"Fra lem Schalze told me—" began Lucy. Then she paused, and word in with a resolutely composed manner. "I merely wiskel to have whether you intend to go away and shut up this house during the holidays; because if you do, I—I don't know what's to become of me!" And, suddenly breaking down, she lurst and teas. furst into tears

True, thens, tiene!" murmured Madame Leroux. Over the so designeeable to see people cry! And you'll spoil your cyes. She spoke half jestingly, but not unkindly, and touched have tielt dark hair with the tips of the fingers. As she did so, the some the my, lar-away look came into her eyes with which she has a maked how the first time the care here and it was with a to said Lucy the first time she saw her; and it was with a of effort, as if rousing herself from a reverie, that she pro-**As it happens, I am not likely to go abroad this year.

**Sect of does not know everything; it is not necessary that she she it. I shan't keep up much of an establishment. The servants are caway. It will be a sort of bivouac. We will bivouac to the caway. It will be a sort of bivouac. We will bivouac to the caway. It will be a sort of bivouac. We will bivouac to the caway. It will be a sort of bivouac. We will bivouac to the caway. It will be a sort of bivouac.

1. her relief of mind, and in her gratitude at hearing a kind word,

Principle of mind, and in her gratitude at hearing a kind word, Linky took the white hand in her own, and kissed it.

We dame drew her hand away, and looked doubtfully at the girl. The mad little sympathy with manifestations of emotion, and was to suspect their genuineness. "There, there," she said, on't let us exaggerate; there is nothing to make a fuss about."

Forgive me, "said Lucy, timidly; "I telt so lonely, and I have the reather,"

(To le continued)

Ma. STANLEY expects to reach London between the 15th and 5th fApril. His new book will be called "The Darkest Africa; and he Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equation." It will be in two volumes, and will be published simultary usly about next May in England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Scandinavia. Emin Pasha has arrived at Zanzibar from Italy, and scandinavia is considering whether to accompany Major Wissman, as new Expedition to the interior of Eastern Africa instead of ging to Cairo at present. 8 11.8 to Cairo at present.

THE city now known as Civita Vecchia has in different ages also THE city now known as Civita Vecchia has in different ages also carried the names of Portus Trajani and Centum Cellæ. Inasmuch as it is a coast town with a certain amount of trade still clinging to the harbour which was, of old, a wonder for strength and commodiousness, it is not so dead as many another Italian city of long lineage. It owed its existence largely to Trajan. That Emperor, perceiving the need of a port near to Rome, and perceiving also that Nature had done little for the satisfaction of such a necessity, determined to make one by heroic means. Thus the name of Portus Trajani was justified. For, after prodigious labour, the harbour was formed by the sinking of a vast quantity of rocks and stones, and the construction of a breakwater and a lighthouse. The alternative name of Centum Cellæ is due to the Emperor Hadrian, who, according to a current belief, here erected a hundred chambers for the trial of Imperial law cases. Probably these lawsuits were such as depended on matters of commerce (and especially colonial and marine commerce) exclusively. As for the third and surviving name of the city, it seems to have no very exalted origin. In the Middle Ages the Saracens tormented most of the coast cities of the Levant. Centum Cellæ did not escape the general lot. It was, in fact, ravaged and sacked so that it was deserted. The inhabitants went inland, and built them another city. Later, however, when their old foes were in a decline, they returned to their ancestral ruins, which they cherished into habitable state once more, and, out of regard for the city so long neglected, rechristened it, simply enough. Civita Vecchia, or the old city. carried the names of Portus Trajani and Centum Cellæ.

their ancestral runs, which they cherished into habitable state once more, and, out of regard for the city so long neglected, rechristened it, simply enough, Civita Vecchia, or the old city.

If one may judge by the florid inscriptions on marble tablets upon the walls of the modern harbour, Civita Vecchia's era of prosperity was in the seventeenth century. Here one reads how a Pope Gregory rebuilt the walls of the city. There how the Popes Urban, Clement, and Benedict worked for the shipping interest of the place. The sturdy fortifications (gigantic for their epoch) date from these times; and so also do the enormous bronze lion heads which gaze upon the basin of the inner port. Anciently, the which gaze upon the basin of the inner port. Anciently, the trading craft tethered their cables to the yawning mouths of these heads. Nowadays the luckless orifices are half-choked with the coal dust which blows to and fro in this part of the city from the Newcastle or Cardiff steamers which here find it convenient to unload.

The outer harbour of Civita Vecchia is fringed landwards by a number of somewhat remarkable grottoes in the living rock. These caves are for the most part wine-shops of a low marine style, wherein a sailor of any nationality may get drunk with facility. In Diocletian's time it is probable that they served as the cells for the Christians who were here kept in penal confinement. These Christians were employed in Civita Vecchia in preparing for building purposes the cargoes of marble and freestone which were here discharged from coasters for the service of Rome.

The grottoes have further local interest. For awhile, during the Diocletian persecution, one of them sheltered the Virgin Fermina, who was subsequently adopted as the tutelar Saint of Civita Vecchia. The daughter of a pagan of Rome, Fermina, when only fifteen years old, left her father's house, and came as a Christian to this city. Here she had the courage to attempt a crusade of conversion, in the midst of a people who were prone to regard a Christian as we should regard a Portland convict. But she did not stay long in Civita Vecchia, though long enough to endear herself to the citizens. She continued her work elsewhere in Italy. At length she was brought before the authorities, and she was barely twenty-seven when, after enduring divers kinds of tortures, she was twenty-seven when, after enduring divers kinds of toftures, she was finally put to death. Having been suspended to a beam by the long hair of her head, she was burnt over a slow fire. Her dead body was then dragged through the streets, mutilated, and cast outside the city gates. Many centuries afterwards, her relics were discovered in the miraculous manner, the narrative of which helps to make the "Lives of the Saints" such unprofitable reading. And eventually Civita Vecchia claimed her memory as peculiarly apper-

taining to the city.

It is hardly fair to condemn the intelligence of a place upon one or two examples of imbecility. Otherwise I might be led to say harsh things about the financiers of Civita Vecchia. It was in this way. I wished to cash a Bank of England note. Two or three exchange offices were at hand, and I entered the nearest. The cashier of the establishment had never yet made the acquaintance cashier of the establishment had never yet made the acquaintance of our beautiful national paper currency, and he preferred upon this occasion also to decline the honour of an introduction. The note might be good for something, as I said; but, upon the other hand, it might not; and, upon the whole, it seemed best to him to wish me a pleasant evening, and better fortune elsewhere. The second banker was no less interested in my dilemma when I propounded it to him. He agreed with me that it is always awkward to be in a strangeland with an insufficiency of small change. It was, indeed, only at the agreed with me that it is always awkward to be in a strange land with an insufficiency of small change. It was, indeed, only at the third time of asking that I was successful. The cashier of this institution did me the favour off-hand—with an alacrity that, for aught I know, cost him dear when his master returned to the office. But his demeanour of suppressed excitement during the business was so odd that when I left him it was with a suspicion that he had cheated me in some way. His notes proved genuine enough, however, and so I can only conclude he fancied he was buying a curiosity which might be worth very much more than I asked

At the first glance, one might suppose that activity prevailed in Civita Vecchia, and also the well-being that accompanies judicious activity. But closer examination changes early impressions. The houses are stout and high, but, save in the mercantile quarter, they

Civita Vecchia, and also the well-beig that actomphasis. The houses are stout and high, but, save in the mercantile quarter, they are to be investigated with caution, and with the hand to the nose. Dirt, lethargy, and its twin-sister indifference, are mining in concord beneath the foundations of the place.

That external greatness is to be distrusted I was made to realise when I passed to the bedroom assigned to me in my hotel. The building was very large—"grandiose" is the word for it—having an entrance approached under a pillared portico, and with I know not how many dozen windows commanding an "admirable seaview." My room was not unprovided with such modern luxuries as electric bells. But it retained such old-time abominations as might well have been excluded in company with electric bells and electric light, if only a trifle of cleanliness had come in their stead. The floor was of stone. So far, excellent. But it and the foul paper which defiled its walls were overrun with myriads of ants and other insects, all intent upon their own affairs. At every step, I was a wholesale slaughterman. Again, the ceiling, lofty and frescoed in bold chiaroscuro, was wreathed in cobwebs that would have done no discredit to a Whitechapel cellar for long ages innocent of the cleansing hand of woman. One thick tongue of web hung playfully over the pillow of the bed. To the instinctive naturalist nothing could have been more delightful; but, for my part, I would have all living creatures except the human race kept apart in Zoological Gardens, unless they served some definite or picturesque end by commingling with mankind. Once more let us dissect this den. Its windows with the sea view possessed muslin curtains, which long ago were white. But when I touched them, down descended a spray of dust, and their colour changed. The window, when opened, fell to pieces. The floor was littered with grime, plaster, and strips of rotten wood among the dead, dying, and energetic ants. I might even proceed in dispraise of this room, but this

Howeve, I would fain end my impressions of Civita Vecchia with a more generous touch. Though the heart of the city is shattered, its powers of life are not exhausted. New buildings, of the stereotyped modern kind, are arising on its southern side. The stranger who likes such things may be indulged in sulphur baths at the Thermal Establishment of Trajan, a huge edifice that we should call a "hydropathic" institution. And a quarter of a mile yet farther south a light and somewhat fantastic iron pier has been newly run into the sea for purposes of pleasure only. Music, song, and the dance, and, let us add, the dinner, may here be enjoyed by the Roman in quest of a change during the dog-days, even as with us when the wearied Londoner betakes himself to Brighton or Ramsgate.

C. E.



SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, having something to say about Art and something about Love, and wanting a title for his novel, puts the two together in the style of the author who wrote on Chinese metaphysics by combining two dictionary articles on metaphysics and China, and the result is "The Art of Love" (3 vols.: Edinburgh: David Douglas). The hints on Art, especially on landscape painting, interspersed throughout the story, are excellent and suggestive, and seem to imply that Sir Herbert Maxwell has plenty more to bestow. The love business is not so successful—it is more conventional, then we are sure the author would telerate in the conventional than we are sure the author would tolerate in the other branch of Art of which he discourses. On the whole, his novel by no means fulfils the remarkable promise of "Sir Lucian Elphin," to which we had the pleasure of drawing attention not long ago. He has by no means succeeded in putting fresh interest, either dramatic or psychological into the story of changed children. either dramatic or psychological, into the story of changed children, and his portraits are grievously deficient in firmness of outline. Still the whole is worth reading for its incidental observations, not only æsthetic, but also on social and political matters. Something it certainly to be learned by those who regard the ownership of land as to be envied by those who are without its responsibilities. For the rest, by some law of production which has still to be accounted for, a novelist's second novel is scarcely ever among his best; and, on that ground, the promise of its predecessor may be held virtually unaffected.

"The Fairy Godfather," by J. A. Goodchild (I vol.: Remington and Co.), lets the reader to some extent into the inner life of Fairyand Co.), lets the reader to some extent into the inner life of Parryland, where, it appears, responsibilities are more recognised than is commonly supposed. Not only princes and princesses, but all human children, have fairy godfathers and godmothers; and, in the present case, the godfather is told off by the Queen to counteract the evil gifts—a purse and a mirror—of a little girl's two god-mathem. This had does he appearing to here there is the contract the contract of th mothers. This he does by appearing to her at four crises of her life, first as her guardian from India; then in the person of her first life, first as her guardian from India; then in the person of her first lover; then as her aunt; and finally as the great poet who afterwards becomes her husband. The adventures of the fairy as the guardian, Mr. Dobson Willoughby, in his first experience of this most unfairylike of cities, run towards farce in the manner of Mr. Anstey, and are amusing: while the child promises to grow up into a decidedly interesting character. And if the author would have continued in this vein, and contented himself with writing a real fairy tale for children, old and young, he would have done well. When his story develops into an ordinary novel, however, the processity of keeping up the fanciful machinery ends in sheer clumnecessity of keeping up the fanciful machinery ends in sheer clumsiness. Even the motive breaks down, and common-place sentimentality reigns supreme. The book is well-written, and contains not a few good thoughts to relieve the wearisomeness of the latter portion; though most of them will be found crowded, as might be expected, into the bright and pleasant opening.

There is so great a family likeness, both in portraiture and in motive, and even in plot, among the novels of E. Werner that those who have sufficient of the German spirit in them to enjoy them—and the true German spirit is not always craving after new department. and the true German spirit is not always craving after new departures—come to the perusal of each like an old family friend, who watches the growth of a large and widening circle of cousins with interest, and is sure of a pleasant visit with a flavour of old times from every newly-formed household within it. In "A Heavy Reckoning" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), the characters have, of course, different names; but the reader will see in them so plainly the features and the characteristics of their forbears that there is no difficulty in recognising them at first sight—the chaleric old country. the features and the characteristics of their forbears that there is no difficulty in recognising them at first sight—the choleric old country baron, the ambitious young engineer, and the two or three types of sentimental womanhood which repeat themselves in the great Werner family. To the stranger, however, the freshness and force, taken as matters of course by the old acquaintance, would be remarkable indeed. The idea of the novel is the double war between old and new ideas, and between nature and her irrepressible enemy, man. The duel between the Mountain Spirit and the nineteenth century engineer is of the true tragic character; and if it had ended with the destruction of the mountain bridge—an ificently described scene—would have displayed the true tragic form besides. But nobody looks for construction in any German mincently described scene—would nave displayed the true tragic form besides. But nobody looks for construction in any German novel; and probably the victory of Nature, though in this case it would have been far the more dramatically effective, would not have represented the author's intention. The novel is to be commended on every ground to all who are in sympathy with the peculiarities of German thought and sentiment. The translation is excel-

lent.

Society journalism is, as might be expected, finding an overflow into Society fiction; and possibly people who like the sort of thing might imagine themselves in for a good thing from the title of "Mrs. Danby Kaufman, of Bayswater," by Mrs. Mark Herbert (I vol.: Digby and Long). Their curiosity will, however, prove fated to disappointment. It seems, indeed, somehow as if it had been written with a view to some particular set or other; and been written with a view to some particular set or other; and, on this assumption, we have been obliged to come to the conclusion that the set is to be found in some obscure toy shop, on the least

interesting shelf of dolls.

"The Gold of Ophir," by Elizabeth J. Lysaght (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is a story of the man who loses his memory until it comes back to him just at the very critical moment for frustrating villany; and the just at the very critical moment for frustrating villany; and the story of the bad young man who takes advantage of an extra-ordinary likeness to personate a good one. We cannot say that Elizabeth J. Lysaght has done much to freshen up these venerable motives. The two James Ardells are, of course, properly cut to fit into their proper holes; indeed, every person and incident has the effect of the solution of a Chinese puzzle. The opening, where the good James Ardell is discovered in a Swiss mortuary, with all sorts of precautions against burial alive, is a piece of good description; but precautions against burial alive, is a piece of good description; but one knows from such a beginning what the end is going to be as plainly as if one read the novel backwards. The story, however, is told well enough, barring the tricks of style. We wonder if Elizal eth J. Lysaght has the faintest notion of the proper purpose of quotation-marks—she even quotes the words "papa" and "proposed." And when one has met with "as the saying is," applied to the commonest phrases a few dozen times, one begins to look out or its repetition to the injury of other interest—"as the saying is," as Elizabeth J. Lysaght would not fail to say.

PICTURES FROM THE TUDOR EXHIBITION

EXHIBITION

The first of our engrayings represents the famous painter Hans Holbein, and is from his own hand. No date is apparently assigned for this picture, but it doubtless belongs to his later years. It represents a much more corpulent and less comely man than the portrait which is now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Holbein was born at Augsburg, but spent his youth in Basel, where he was employed in book-illustration, drawing initial-letters, &c. Lord Arundel, chancing to be in Basel, and, admiring Holbein's work, strongly recommended him to try his fortune in England. Six years later he took the Earl's advice, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Erasmus, was hospitably welcomed by Sir Thomas More, in whose house at Chelsea he stayed for a long time, painting various portraits there. Some of these works attracted the attention of King Harry, who, whatever his other faults, was a liberal patron of the fine arts. He gave Holbein several commissions, and presently made him one of his Court painters at what appears to us moderns—even allowing for the decline in the value of money—the absurdly inadequate salary of thirty pounds a-year. This was, however, more than some of the Court painters received, as the Italians only got fifty pounds a-year between them. Till recently, it was believed that Holbein died of the plague at Whitehall in 1554 (we erroneously gave this date last week), but the discovery of his will, some years ago, in the archives of St. Paul's Cashadral, shows that 1543 was the real date of his death. It was due to plague, which that year raged with especial violence.—This picture is lent by Her Majesty the Queen from the Windsor Collection.

Next we have a life-size portrait of

Next we have a life-size portrait of Katharine Parr, that most courageous of women, who had the pluck to marry our royal Blue Beard, King Henry VIII., and



HANS HOLBEIN, PAINTED BY HIMSELF

actually survived him. Every one knows the pretty story which tells how she was in imminent danger of being put to death, like Anne Askew, for heresy, and how by her ready wit she so completely obliterated the King's suspicions that he exclaimed, "Is it so, sweetheart? Then we are perfect friends again." The picture is by Holbein, and is lent to the Tudor Gallery by Richard Both, Esq. The Queen is represented in a silver brocade dress with grey fur sleeves, with an elaborately embroidered red underderess.

with an elaborately embroidered red underdress.

Our last engraving is of the celebrated of Dancing Picture," which, according to the Tudor Gallery Catalogue, represents six small whole-length figures of Henry VIII.; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Anne Boleyn; Mary Tudor, Dowager Queen of France; and Margaret, Dowager Queen of Scotland; the three pair dancing in a meadow with Greenwich Palace in the background. The picture remained in the possession of the Norfolk family till 1701, when it was purchased by the ancestor of the present owner, Major-General F. E. Sotheby. Though attributed to Holbein, it is doubtful whether-it was entirely painted by him. Sir Peter Lely says that the male figures are his; but the female by François Clouet, the French artist. Horace Walpole takes much the same view, and doubts whether the traditional naming of the portraits is correct. The man in the middle, he says, is much more like King Francis I. of France than either the Duke of Norfolk or the Duke of Suffolk.

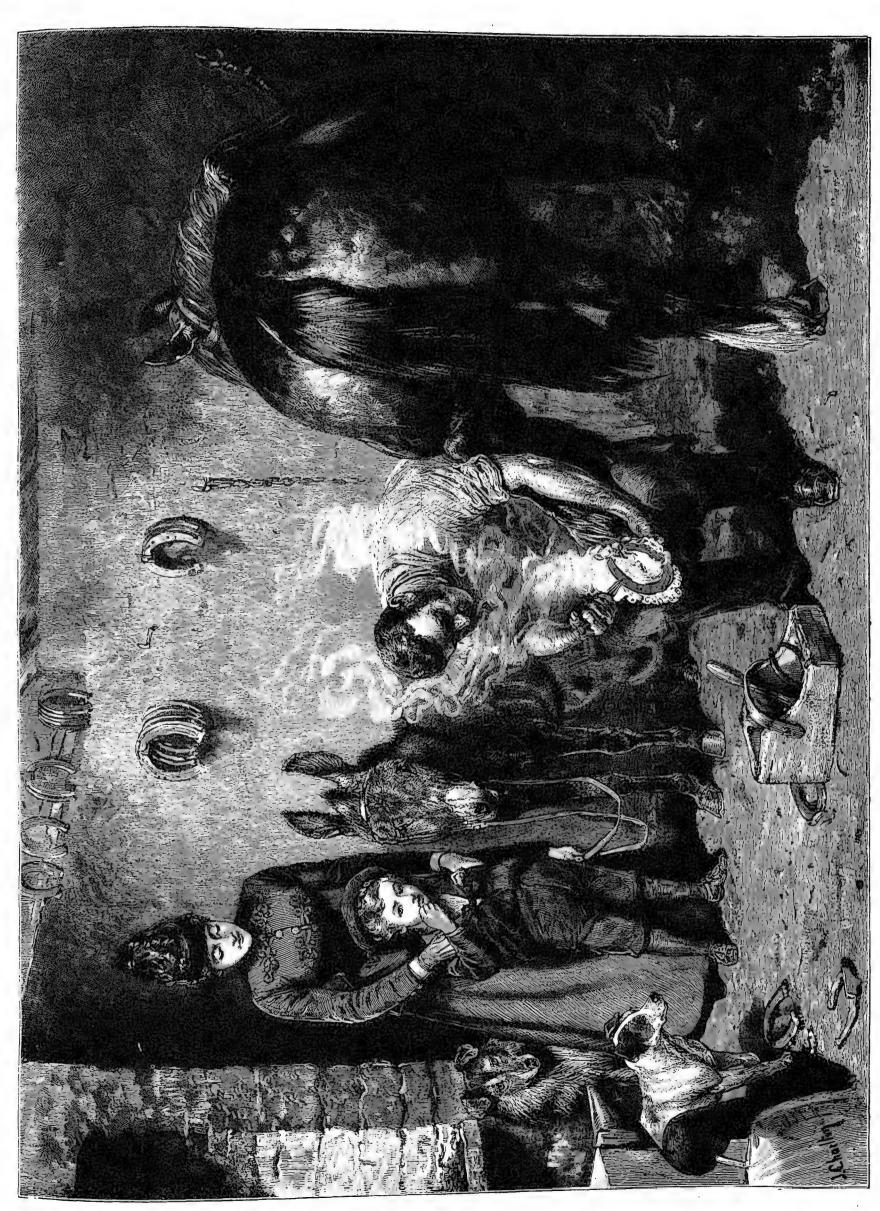
A Long-Delayed English Letter has just been received by a correspondent in Ontario. It was lost in a mailbag when the Oregon was wrecked in 1886, and lately the bag was found buried in the sands near Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. It had diffted 400 miles from the scene of the



QUEEN KATHERINE PARR, PAINTED BY HOLBEIN



HENRY VIII., ANNE BOLEYN AND OTHERS. "THE DANCING PICTURE," PAINTED BY HOLBEIN AND FRANCOIS CLOUET, "DIT JANET"



ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLDFIELDS

In outlying towns and villages in the Transvaal, where the correspondence is not of sufficient bulk to fill a mail-cart, a postal bag is conveyed by a stalwart native to and from the nearest regular post-town. Marabastad, the most northern town in the Transvaal, is only a small place, so the native represented in our illustration conveys the mail to Smitsdorp.

"I. D. B.," which is, being interpreted, "Illicit diamond-buying," is one of the commonest crimes committed at Kimberley, the centre of the diamond-mining industry. There are 2,500 natives employed in the mines; and, although the companies handsomely reward any man who discovers a big stone, there is naturally a great temptation to the lucky finder to keep his treasure to himself. And, in spite of the fact that the natives work practically naked, and are carefully searched, there is no doubt that many valuable stones are concealed (sometimes by being swallowed) and sold to the illicit diamond-buyers. These are, for the most part, disreputable whites; but sometimes, as in our picture, a native, who has added the vices of civilisation to his natural cunning, takes up the business.

The district of Zoutspansberg in the Transvaal covers a large area, and the character of the country is entirely different to that of Witwatersrandt. The scenery in some parts is magnificent, and range after range of mountains can be seen from some of the hills. Dense bush prevails in some parts, and valuable timber is obtained for mining purposes. The gold discovered in this neighbourhood is very rich.

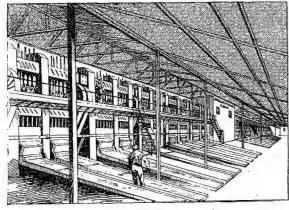
At present, however, Johannesburg, the capital of the Randt, is the centre of the gold-mining industry. Its rapid rise into im-

very rich.

At present, however, Johannesburg, the capital of the Randt, is the centre of the gold-mining industry. Its rapid rise into importance can hardly be paralleled even from the records of Australian and Californian gold-mining. It is only six years since an Englishman named Arnold discovered, on the farm of a Dutchman called Gildenhuis, the gold which has worked such a marvellous transformation of an entire district. In those six years Johannesburg has progressed by leaps and bounds from a mere village into a large and important town. Handsome buildings are being erected in all directions. Banks and hotels abound. There is already one club, which in comfort and appearance rivals some of the London "temples of luxury and ease," and another is now being built.

being built.

A new Exchange, to cost some 70,000%, is also in course of erection. At present most of the business is done al fresco in the Open-air 'Change, of which we give an illustration. Four daily papers are published in the town, which seems likely, moreover, to emulate older capitals by having a revolution on its own account. Mining companies, of course, abound. Two years ago there were sixty-eight, and now there are even more. Of these, one of the most important is the Jumpers' Gold-Mining Company. One of our engravings represents a visit paid to the mine some time ago by two ladies, who bravely ventured down in the cage, and inspected the workings, regardless of the damage which clay and water might inflict upon their garments. Another shows the 100-



THE 100-STAMP BATTERY OF THE JUMPERS' GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED The largest of the Witwatersrandt Goldfields

stamp-battery and amalgamating-room, which is the largest on the Witwatersrandt Gold-Fields.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Cape Town.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much spirited verse and prettily-expressed thought in THERE is much spirited verse and prettily-expressed thought in Mr. M. C. Tyndall's "Rhymes: Real and Romantic" (Arrowsmith). The author finds most of his themes in history, in battle, and in love. "News of Victory—Bath, June, 1815," "The Loss of the Birkenhead off the Coast of Africa," and "The Eve of Gravelotte" are fair sample-titles, and Mr. Tyndall does justice to their suggestions of heroism, or of patriotic self-gratulation. In "The Thin Red Line" we have a vigorous protest against a change in the colour which our troops have so vividly in many a battle presented to the event of the enemy. This our noet sings: to the eyes of the enemy. Thus our poet sings :-

And must our England then resign The glory of her "thin red line?" In charge or battle, siege or mine, Aye foremost in the fight.
And shall the British scarlet go?
Which never flinched before the foe,
"When they are beaten, never know,"
But stubborn fight, impervious, slow, Till Victory crowns the right.

That red which blazed in Blenheim's day, At Ramilies and Malplaquet, Where Marlborough's troopers led the way And dark the Danube ran! That red which British soldiers wore, Through fair rose-gardens charged of yore, And from the field of Minden bore A rose for every man.

Mr. Tyndall's verse may not be of the very highest quality, but his heart is so thoroughly in the right place that we can wish him

We can scarcely speak so favourably of Mr. John Codd's "A Legend of the Middle Ages" (Kegan Paul). Weak sentiment, feebler philosophy, and a pretence at observation of nature are combined with unrefreshing result. This is how we are reminded that individual existence is transient and ephemeral:—

The bright star falls and is lost in night, Ere it scarce has reflected its heaver-sent light;
The bud which burst 'neath Spring's smiling skies,
Chilled by the keen frosts, withers, and dies;
The stream dries up ere its water flows
Away from the fourth. Away from the fount where it bubbling rose

A writer requires the courage of his convictions as to his own merit to publish some of the verse occasionally met with; but the

boldness is unique in its way which calmly presents these doting

For I love my Love with a loving love,
A love as loving as love can be:
And my Love loves me with a loving love,
For she is a loving Love to me.

We have before us a very neat volume of selections, "Poetic Imagery" (Remington). It consists of similes, metaphors, emblems, comparisons, and contrasts selected from the works of British and American poets and dramatists, by the late County Court Judge, John Pitt-Taylor. The work has been carefully edited by his daughter, Mis Hester Louisa Pitt-Taylor.

VILLAGE LENDING LIBRARIES

THERE are few thoughtful persons who do not agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison's eloquent protest against indiscriminate reading, and who do not share his pathetic regret at the mental deterioration which the careless use of the increasing mass of modern literature certainly produces. But the temptation is generally too great to be overcome; we admit our shortcomings, and continue them.

But there is, at any rate, a more cheerful standpoint from which to regard the existence of the vast amount of reading material open to English-speaking races. For it has given to the poorest artisan and to the worst-paid agricultural labourer opportunities for wholesome recreation, and laid before his mind new scenes of life which half a century ago were scarcely within the contemplation of the most sanguine observer. Granting that many low-priced publications are thoroughly pernicious, yet it would be a waste of time to indicate, on the other hand, the great mass of sound, interesting, and amusing reading which can be bought for a few coppers at any bookseller's shop in any moderate-sized town. But it is necessary also to admit that the countryman has hitherto had practically none of the opportunities which the urban dweller possesses for availing himself of this great mental supply. The town workman passing homeward at the end of the day sees over and over again attractive bookshops where the newest cheap publications are exhibited to his gaze. Take, for example, the sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's novels which Messrs. Macmillan are now publishing; at any retail bookshops where the newest cheap publications are exhibited to his gaze. Take, for example, the sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's novels which Messrs. Macmillan are now publishing; at any retail bookseller's they can be purchased for fourpence-halfpenny, and there can be no doubt that a large number of the working population of our towns do avail themselves of this supply. But the case is different in villages. A village bookshop is an impossibility, and therefore the only way in which the rural worker can obtain the benefit of the supply of cheap and wholesome literature which publishers now give to the public is by means of village lending libraries.

It may be laid down that a lending library is one of the first necessities of the modern village community, and it is moreover a necessity which can be supplied with the utmost ease and at a companies with the necessity which can be supplied with the utmost ease and at a companies. necessity which can be supplied with the utmost ease and at a comparatively small cost. Let any one peruse carefully a few booksellers' catalogues, and he will find that for a sovereign he can obtain a supply of books sufficient to keep a number of subscribers occupied for a whole winter. For less than sixteen shillings the whole of Messrs. Routledge's thirty-six volumes of the "World Library" can be purchased—a stock in itself sufficient to form a small village library.

But the supply of cheap books has caused in the household of every intelligent person a perpetual overflow of what may be called second-hand books, which frequently find their way to the fire or the waste paper basket. A little pat hing and mending—and it may also be added a little selection—will enable a household to make a substantial addition at the beginning of every winter to the rillege library for it is usaless to establish a library and then to make a substantial addition at the beginning of every winter to the village library; for it is useless to establish a library and then to allow it to die of exhaustion. This may seem a truism, but it is one which requires to be repeated. The other day, for example, the Vicar of a small parish, within four-and-twenty miles of London, was asked if there was a lending library in the village. "Yes," he replied, "there is one in the school-house, but the books have all been read through, and several of them are all to pieces, and so it is useless." There are some who will be all vigour in the starting of new undertakings, but who weary in the steady carrying out of those which are established. Thus it is that in some places where libraries have been begun, they have been allowed to collapse. It has also to be borne in mind that in this matter the village inhabitant requires some stimulation. The door of the public house is open, it is customary to enter it in order to have half a pint of beer open, it is customary to enter it in order to have half a pint of beer and a chat, but it is not customary to go to the village library and ask for a book, and, if there is nothing but the same well-thumbed store, to complain, and ask for new works. Fresh supplies must be added from time to time, so that the frequenter of the library finds when he brings back his book that his interest is rekindled by a still ample supply. In this respect the managers of a village library are in a fortunate position. The summer is an entirely non-reading in the transfer of the property will be companied. period for the general village community, therefore they have six months of the year in which to organise their forces, to repair old books, to purchase new ones, and to obtain supplies from the

Simple as the organisation of the village lending library is, there are certainly a few leading principles which ought to be borne in mind. The first is that there should be a subscription, though as in mind. The first is that there should be a subscription, though as small as you please. Sixpence a year helps to the existence of the library; it is within the reach of any sober workman, and it prevents the library being regarded as a purely eleemosynary undertaking. Another and important point is that the library should be open to all persons, whether Churchmen or Nonconformists; it should not be attached to the church and supervised only by the Vicar or the Rector, otherwise it is at once regarded as a sectarian undertaking, an idea which is fatal to its general usefulness.

Again, care must be exercised in the selection of books. This is easier said than done. For it is certain that five out of every seven

Again, care must be exercised in the selection of books. This is easier said than done. For it is certain that five out of every seven readers in the middle-classes read by haphazard. There should be a proper mixture of fiction, travels, and history. In many respects travels are the most relished and the most wholesome. We who wander over Europe, who have friends travelling in the East and in the West, can scarcely understand how the simplest travel-narrative extirct the imagination of the cottager, and unfolds before his mind. and undreamt-of scenes. To boys and young men, especially, not wholly ignorant from school training of the elements of geography, a narrative of travel adds flesh to the dry bones, and gives them continual food for contemplation. The agricultural worker has not wholly a vacant mind; it is curious to notice how a single idea will wholly a vacant mind; it is curious to notice now a single idea will be "chewed" in the course of a day's work, and books of travel afford wholesome food for this operation. There are many ways in which the upper classes "meddle and muddle" in the affairs of those below them in station, with the best of intentions. But in establishing and in fostering village libraries they can never go wrong. They afford occupation for the winter evenings of the workman, they put wholesome thoughts in his mind when his hands are at work. In wholesome thoughts in his mind when his nands are at work. In many cases, too, the organiser of a village library will find that by the careful consideration of many works, and by the process of selection, he will do not a little towards the organising of his own reading. He may very likely find that when he has been waiting impatiently for a box of new books from Mudie's there are half-a-dozen sixpenny works just come by Parcel Post for the village library worth more both for the material and the style than the entire contents of the box so anxiously desired. E. S. R.



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—"Parallel Studien;" fifteen studies for the pianoforte in all the keys, of the same character as the cele brated studies of J. B. Cramer, to be used therewith, composed by Louis Köhler, may be highly recommended to teachers and students; that they are adopted by the Conservatorium and the Net. Academie Der Musik in Berlin is no slight recommendation Academie Der Musik in Berlin is no slight recommendation Academie Der Musik in Berlin is no slight recommendation Academie Der Musik in Berlin is no slight recommendation by G. W. F. Crowther, "Chant des Sirènes," mielotie pour pian by Boyton Smith, and "Entends Ma Prière," a rhapsodie pour pian by Boyton Smith, and "Entends Ma Prière," a rhapsodie pour pian by Fritz Spindler, are four pieces of more than average merit, and will be found suitable for after-dinner performance it the drawing-room.—Young beginners are apt to yawn and grow fretful over the oft-repeated five-finger exercises in their primitive forms, but when they are arranged as showy little pieces the young performers are eager to learn them, and to display them to admiring friends and relatives. "The Easiest Pieces" ("Die leicitesten Stücke"), pianoforte duets on the five notes, by S. Jadassohters well calculated to interest the juvenile player. These pleasing duets are arranged on the system of "The Abecedarian," that is it say, the treble part consists of single notes to be played by the pupil, whilst the teacher takes the bass part, which is well harmnised. No. It, a simple Waltz.

MESSRS. J. AND J. Hopkinson.—"The Grosvenor Album, Books I. and II. contain respectively six songs by well-known and popular composers, including "Maidenhead Bridge," a dainty little love ditty by E. Birch, words by Zedel B. Gustafson, music by Gustav Ernest, a dreamy cradle-song with an effective voilin accompaniment. The second is "Songs and Pieces for the Banjo," arrangel by George Neville, most popular amongst which will be, "Stars the Night Adorning" (Serenade), words by Lady Macfarren, music by Georg

music by Arthur Somervell.

The Viaduct Publishing Company.—"Only a Week Ago" and "Love and Time," two tender idylls, by the Marquis de Leuville, have been set to music, the former by Albert Marchbank, the latter by M. Piccolomini; both are worthy the attention of amateurs; they are published in three keys.—"I Whispered My Love," the sentimental words by H. J. Melville, music by Albert Marchbank, will find many admirers amongst the fair sex.—Of the same tender type as the above are "They Tell Me to Forget," written and composed by Leslie Somers; "The Heart Thou Hast Broken," a ballad written and composed by N. G. Glass; "True Love," words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Henry Klussmann; and "Let Me Dream on," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Odoardo Barri.—"Hours of Recreation," for the pianoforte student, a series of interesting studies in various degrees of Jaxone and Odoardo Darri.—" Hours of Recreation, for the platto-forte student, a series of interesting studies in various degrees of difficulty, by eminent composers, is one of the many useful collec-tions of music for the drawing-room; the example before us is "Wedding of the Sylphs," a tripping morceau, by Albert Ricordi.

PRINTING IN GERMANY keeps its four hundred and fiftieth birth-day this year, and the Teutonic Printers' Union intend to celebrate the anniversary right worthily. A grand commemoration was planned for the quatercentenary in 1840, but political disturbances prevented the festival, so that the German printers are anxious not to let the present anniversary pass unnoticed.

THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY AT THE VATICAN, to be opened in May, is being fitted up with the newest and most elaborate instruments. Besides the study of meteorology proper and volcanic phenomena, the observatory is intended to provide especial facilities for photographing the heavens. A congress of Italian scientists will assemble for the inauguration.

TOURNALISTIC CRITICISM is a dangerous calling in Hungary.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM is a dangerous calling in Hungury. An article which appeared recently in a journal at Klausenburg gave so much offence that it led to no fewer than thirteen duel. The editor of the paper fought four duels—in one of which he killed his opponent; the author of the obnoxious article passed safely through three encounters; and the sub-editor took the lion's charge with six comparts. share with six combats.

THE CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANIE OF AUSTRIA is now publishing her reminiscences of the Eastern tour which she made some years ago with her late husband. Originally the Princess printed there notes simply for private circulation among her friends, but he descriptions of various Greek and Turkish ports were so graphicand elaborate that they have been included as a special supplement to an Austrian work—"The Seaports of International Commerce.

ROME laments a serious falling-off of visitors this season, thanks ROME laments a serious faiting-on of visitors that season, and to the influenza, business depression, and Court mourning. Formerly, some 100,000 foreigners came for the Carnival, but this year there were scarcely 6,000 visitors. Moreover, the regular population of the city diminishes steadily since the beginning of the present industrial crisis, and fully 4,000 houses are empty, which could accommodate quite 20,000 inhabitants.

POLICEMEN are so scarce in Paris that an outcry is being raise! r another 1.000 *gardiens de la paix*. 6,800 police to protect 1,800,000 inhabitants, now there are on engaged in guarding public buildings, the markets, and other institutions, besides those at the police-stations, so that the acceptainable for street duty have very long beats, and far too wife

an area to protect effectually.

FRANCE is welcoming her Stanley in Captain Trivier, who cros ell Africa from the Congo to Zanzibar with a single companion. At 4 banquet in Paris, the explorer gave a most interesting account his travels, but drew a somewhat unflattering picture of the forcing colonies on the Dark Continent. He considers that to colonise the Gaboon district and adjoining regions is a useless sacrifice of hie and money. "The country produces little, and the climate is atrocious. If Europeans are sent there, the first necessity is a cemetery for them." He intended to meet Stanley on the road, but was obliged to shource his road and the country of the country cemetery for them." He intended to meet Stanley on the road, but was obliged to change his route and return by Lake Nyassa. The tribes were most friendly, and the climate was "the worst enemy." Indeed M. Trivier lost an eye through severe inflammation caused by the intense heat. He is a quiet little man, thin and nervous, with close-cut black hair and sallow complexion.

ID PLEASURE RESORTS IN PARIS

ime immemorial the Parisian votaries of Terpsichore—and ime immemorial the Parisian votaries of Terpsichore—and always been legion—have patronised certain localities deveted to their favourite pastime, migrating from one as fashion or fancy led them. From 1840 to 1870 the false more or less popular "bastringues" showed a false on the preceding years, fresh candidates for much f these more or less popular "bastringues" showed a crea-e on the preceding years, fresh candidates for public inging up in all directions like mushrooms, and in the faces as rapidly disappearing. With few exceptions of these Parisiennes, "as Alfred Delvau appropriately called have peased to exist: the gardens have been built conlong ceased to exist; the gardens have been built over, salled de bal" converted to more prosaic uses. The leed, it many of them are now as forgotten as the sites leed, it many of them are now as forgotten as the sites in the state of the s and suburban villas, even a vestige of the short-lived nt Foli. - Asnières !

the date of my first visit—the former of these establishthe date of my most visite and former of these establish-hough it had already lost somewhat of its vogue, was so in full awing, and the rollicking chorus,

Messe : 308 étudiants s'en vont à la Chaumié e, Mose it les étudiants s'en vont à la Chaumiè e, tailler d'étal. The "gardens," as they were rather to tailler d'étal. The "gardens," as they were rather y termed, contisted of a fairly extensive piece of ground, none side by the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and on the he Boulevard d'Enfer. Their chief attractions were a alon bearing the name—no one knew why—of No. 13, alon bearing the name—in one knew why—of No. 13, by popular "Montagnes Russes," an inclined plane, down ary payment of a franc entitled the adventurous youth of the precinitated four times with perilous velocity. The payment of a franc entitled the adventurous youth of to be precipitated four times with perilous velocity. The of the Chaumière at that period and during the few years of its existence was a singular personage, familiarly the Père Lahire, a grotesque compound of Napoléon the the Pere Linner, a grocesque compound of Vaporeon the Punch, who kept a wine shop in the neighbourhood, and ably present, tlanked by a tall gendarme, on the three he week when the gardens were open. He was a strict ne week who a me gardens were open. The was a strict ian, and is used his orders and rebukes with imperial en going so far as to collar any unlucky wight who had o indulge in too glaring a reminiscence of the "cancan," o indulge in too glaring a reminiscence of the "cancan," thim quietly in the street outside. The principal choredivinities." as Gustave Nadaud poetically designated the Maria and Clara Fontaine, the latter of whom I seeing some years after on the boards of a minor Bouleme, under the name of Anaïs Miria. Shortly before 1850, and prosperous career of this favourite place of entertainth since 1785 had been the delight of successive generalizate and guiettes came abruptly to a close and the udents and grisettes, came abruptly to a close, and the quest of the landmarks of his youth, who seeks to is site where once flourished the Grande Chaumière, will

s! occupied by a manufactory of buttons! e demolition of the old Prado in 1860, or thereabouts, the I that not over-inviting locality have adopted as its the Closerie des Lilas, or Jardin Bullier, situated within sof the Luxembourg Gardens, and immediately adjoining ward Mont-Parnasse. Of its exterior, pretentious in the and designed in a would-be Moorish style, the less said the and designed in a would-be Moorish style, the less said the rin spring, when the lilacs are in bloom, the Closerie, imited in extent, is as pleasant and popular a resort as any s. I have been told that Béranger, when living in the ing Rue d'Enfer, once ventured within its precincts, and, en speedily recognised, was literally overwhelmed with d caresses by the enthusiastic grisettes. The local in those days (1847 to 1850) was Céleste, immortalised ray in the "Kickleburys On the Rhine" as the Princess the same who subsequently danced the "Schottische" with cellent actor Christian at the Folies-Dramatiques. wrote rs in five volumes, and ultimately married Count Lionel

, after a thequered existence of eighty-eight years, the situated tetween Passy and the Château de la Muette, ed its doors. Founded in 1774, and borrowing its name wn then famous lieu de plaisance, it had been successively by the Court of Marie Antoinette, by Madame Tallien ne Recumier during the Directory, and after the Restora-Duchess de Berry. From that date its vogue gradually and when I visited it in 1852, ten years before it opened t time, the once brilliant saloons were almost empty,

ant summer evening's excursion some forty years ago short journey by rail to Asnières, where on certain e had the choice of two entertainments, either at the r at the miniature Folies-Asnières. The first of these comparatively large scale, the locality being a fairly park well stucked with fine old trees-whether the ha profusion of many-coloured lamps, producing a really effect. A stone's throw from the Château stood the ieres, a coquettish little châlet in an enclosure just large r two qualrilles; it had been opened in 1851 by Cogniard, then manager of the Variétés, who invited est actresses of the different vaudeville theatres to be the occasion. The speculation, however, turned out a distance from Paris, short as it was, proved too long inary pleasure-seekers; and, after a protracted struggle verse fortune, the Château and the Folies succumbed to the and were heard of no more.

the most perturesque suburban resort was the Bal de the park of that name, formerly belonging to the volatile its fiequescrabeing almost exclusively of the bourgeois eyed think once a week by the little railway from Paris and di-j. it ting themselves in a sedate and homely the boulevard flaneurs, and scrupulously descional dancers, it was a spectacle per se, Ignored worth a vest if only on account of its dissimilarity with

the earlier years of the Second Empire, the two most effequency arrenas for the display of terpsichorean ses were in lisputably Jardin Mabille and the Château the first terms of the display of terpsichorean ses were in lisputably Jardin Mabille and the Château the first terms of the second sessions are the second sessions. the former occupying a tolerably extensive space of the Alace des Veuves, and the latter forming a sort of the control of the the top the Champs Elysées, almost exactly opposite er Bear. They could not be called rivals, both being same transgement, and open on alternate nights; each ular the menale with recesses on either side, in which led the 'ou de quilles' the "billard Chinois," and the bilan Lar Of the two, Mabille was incomparably most and it was constant to the control of the two. on the two, Mabille was incomparably most and it was considered the correct thing to finish the treath of the trea tra, she colvely presided over by the able musicians d Ohn'r Meha, and the solitary quadrille wherein the didance, exclusively figured, had their appointed place in his create capacity a respectable leather-seller), the lidit, the dively Rigolette, and, above all, the singularly discovered the control of n. Ales where are they now—those ephemeral butter-neur, and the public who applauded them? "Où sont

I have nothing favourable to say of the dull and generally-deserted Château Rouge, of the pretentious and garish Casino Cadet, where the clever Arban gave concerts to which no one listened, or of the score of minor "bastringues" scattered about the city from one barrier to another; one relic of the past, however, the Bal Valentino in the Rue St. Honoré, may fairly claim a word of mention. Mr. Charles Greville, who visited it in 1837, describes the scene in his memoirs as follows: "Two large rooms almost thrown into one, a numerous and excellent orchestra (conducted by the famous Musard), and a prodigious crowd of people.... It was well-regulated uproar and orderly confusion." Five-and-twenty years later, it had degenerated into a sort of "high-lifeand-twenty years later, it had degenerated into a sort of "high-life-below-stairs" Saturnalia; and, it was quite on the cards, if curiosity tempted you to pay your entrance money at the door, that you might discover your own valet (if you had one), attired in your best evening suit, and whirling round the room with a flaunting damsel whose smart silk dress belonged more legitimately to her mistress's wardrobe than to that of Mademoiselle lifine.

C. H.

CRUSTACEAN DAINTIES; THE LOBSTER 11.

THAT the never-ceasing demand for "coral" may, in time, tend to the extermination of the animal of which it is a product, is the opinion of several of our fishery economists: in one London shellish shop (known to the writer) there has been collected by the lobster boiler in the course of a few weeks fifteen pounds weight of coral—over a million eggs—and it is not too much to assert that hundredweights are obtained in the course of a year for the use of our cooks. That comes of the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed our most obtained to the lobster having been acclaimed to the lobster having the lob fashionable shell-fish; but for what reason it has been so acclaimed it is difficult to say. Our dish of turbot is rendered more valuable by its accompaniment of lobster sauce, seeing that not only has the crustacean itself cost some shillings, but, being "in berry," thousands of future lobsters have been sacrificed to the demands of fashion. Our salad, too, must be decorated by means of the coral, but salads of great excellence, flavoured with the flesh of the salmon, the common herring, and the minor crustaceans, can be "composed" by any smart cook. If the vegetables used be well lubricated with oil they will be quite as digestible and be better flavoured even than salads composed with the aid of lobsters, and coloured with that coral on the saving of which the prosperity of the fisheries is dependent. The lobster and other crustaceans are fit for food purposes, and are used all the year round; that is to say, they can be found in wholesome condition on some part of the British coast, or be imported from the coast of some other country.

As to the question of price, it is not too much to say that the lobster of to-day, which costs the public from two shillings to three shillings and sixpence, could have been bought in the "forties" and "fifties" of the present century for eightpence or tenpence each, and sometimes for sixpence; in those days many a Newhaven fishwife having carried them to Edinburgh was glad to sell two or three sizeable turbots and "big labsters" for half-a-crown each lot.

It is no exaggeration to say that the British public pay at the

rate of two shillings each for their lobsters, and, assuming that consumption goes on at the rate of two millions per annum, the total sum disbursed for these dainties of the table will amount, in the course of a year, to 200,000%.

At Billingsgate the mode of "dealing in" the lobster is as follows:—"Crabs are sold by the barrel or 'kit,' lobsters by the 'turn.' A turn of lobsters consists of different sized fish. The smallest fish are called 'worst nancy,' the slightly larger fish, 'best nancy.' These are small lobsters 9¾ and 8 inches in length respectively. Fighty fish forty best nancies and forty worst nancies. nancy.' These are small lobsters 9¾ and 8 inches in length respectively. Eighty fish, forty best nancies and forty worst nancies, make a turn. A turn may also consist of 'best doubles.' These lobsters are larger than the best nancy; forty of them make a turn. A score and a-half of large lobsters also make a turn, which in this case consists of twenty large and ten still larger lobsters. A fishmonger, however, who requires ten of the largest lobsters is obliged to take (according to the custom of the trade) a turn of 'nancies' and 'best doubles' as well. In another sense, therefore, a turn may be said to consist of forty best nancies, forty worst nancies, forty best doubles, and a score and a-half of large lobsters."

The economic history of Homarus vulgaris, being important, has been somewhat dwelt upon: its natural history is also interesting.

been somewhat dwelt upon; its natural history is also interesting. The powers of all the crustaceans seem to be concentrated in the The powers of all the crustaceans seem to be concentrated in the lobster: a detailed account of its mode of growth would fill a volume, and read like a romance. Marvellous stories of the capacity of these crustaceans to dispense for a time with any particular member of their body could be told. The lobster, like some capacity provides for an increase of other members of their body count be total. The losser, like some other members of the crustacean family, provides for an increase of its size by the shedding or "casting" of its shell: the covering divides into pieces, which are easily thrown off. Some specimens, divides into pieces, which are easily thrown off. Some specimens, which were watched during the shedding process, took from one to three hours to get rid of their old clothes. The rate of growth attained by the animal at its period of moulting varies: it may be set down, by way of fixing an average, as being about an inch and a quarter. The late Professor Coste, of the French Institute, who did so much for the rehabilitation of the fisheries of France by the aid of what he termed "pisciculture," was able to say that every young lobster loses and re-makes its crusty shell about ten times during the first year of its existence, about seven times in the

young lobster loses and re-makes its crusty shell about ten times during the first year of its existence, about seven times in the second year of its age, and about four times in its third year; but never more than three, and usually only twice, in its fourth year. In answer to a question put to him, Coste said he was unable to determine the age at which lobsters become reproductive, but was of opinion they did not become so till they had attained their fifth year. Some observers have stated the hen lobster to be a most affectionate mother, who watches over her young ones with the affectionate mother, who watches over her young ones with the greatest care. Even if only one-fourth of her eggs produce chickens, however, it is not easy to understand how she is able to look after a brood which numbers eight or ten thousand individuals. It may, however, be assumed that probably not more than five per cent. of the eggs voided by the female lobster will produce young;

so heavy is the rate of mortality incident to natural breeding.

So far as is known to the writer no system of artificial spawning and rearing has yet been devised for the multiplication of these shell fish in quantities.

Ponds for the preservation tion of these shell fish in quantities. Ponds for the preservation of adult lobsters, while awaiting a favourable market, have been constructed both in England and Ireland, and it is extermely probable that in course of the co tremely probable that in course of time some of our active pisciculturists will be able to plan a mode of breeding these shell fish in well-protected places in quantities that may, in time, prove a profitable speculation. Meantime, it has to be told that experiments of the kind entered upon in Norway have failed. "We have tried," says Mr. Frederick M. Wallem, "to hatch and cultivate the lobster, but have not succeeded, having not been able to keep the hatched young ones alive more than a few days; then all of them disappear, leaving no trace to tell how or why they disappeared."

The chief value of artificial breeding in the case of the lobster, as in the case of the salmon, consists in the protection accorded to the young, their enemies being ever present in literal thousands—the "coral" being much relished by all kinds of fish as a tooth-Lobsters, as a rule, do not reach the public till they been boiled, during which process their colour changes from some morsel. black to red :-

Now, like a lobster boil'd, the morn From black to red began to turn.

An important fact connected with the lobster supply of recent years has become known, namely, that an all-over decrease has taken place in the size of lobsters now captured, and that will undoubtedly prove of as much importance before long as would a decrease in the number taken, unless the provisions of the Act of Parliament be more rigidly enforced. The total number captured in the seas of the United Kingdom in 1889, amounted, it may be here stated, to 1,699,099 individual lobsters, of which 407,650 were landed on the Irish coasts.

Action ought at once to be taken to prevent the capture of this valuable animal while it is in the very act of repeating the story of its birth. It was a mistake of good-natured Mr. Buckland to make that concession to the cooks which has already been described. The sale of lobster spawn ought to have been sternly prohibited. Had that been done, the ingenious chiefs of our kitchens would soon have found a substitute for the much-desired "coral." J. G. B.

FACT AND FICTION

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL has somewhere told us how the blacksmith of a certain village with which he was acquainted once got hold of a copy of Richardson's Pame'a which he forthwith began to read aloud to his fellow villagers, evening after evening, seated on his anvil. The work is prolix and tedious enough from the on his and. The work is profix and tenous enough from the point of view of the modern reader; but this much is certain, that the public-spirited blacksmith never failed to have an attentive audience. When the labours of the day were over, the good folks—men, women, and children—clustered about him in his shed, and —men, women, and children—clustered about him in his shed, and thus evening by evening, and week by week—for the reading was a slow business, and no skipping was tolerated—the long-winded story was patiently waded through. When at length the happy consummation was reached, the pent-up feelings of the villagers broke loose. In a perfect frenzy of delight they gave a unanimous shout; proceeded at once to obtain possession of the church keys; and actually set the parish-bells a-ringing in honour of the satisfactory termination of the heroine's early troubles.

This incident is curious, as showing how impossible it is, before a certain stage of intelligence has been reached, to draw any hard

a certain stage of intelligence has been reached, to draw any hard and fast line of distinction between fiction and fact. Strange as it may appear to the well-trained novel-reader of modern times, to whom fiction is at worst an idle amusement, or at best a fine art, it whom fiction is at worst an idle amusement, or at best a fine art, it is nevertheless certain that the natural tendency among the uneducated and inexperienced is to regard all stories as true, and that this tendency is only overcome with more or less difficulty—in some cases is never overcome at all. Hence that entire self-abandonment, that complete and all-absorbing interest, exhibited by children, and other uninitiated readers of fiction, in the fate of the heroes and heroines of their favourite romances—characters, which are accordingly the flesh-and th which are every whit as real and living to them as the flesh-and-blood men and women with whom they live and speak. What a boon would a little of such unquestioning faith be to the apathetic critic or the listless subscriber to the circulating library, who, having long ceased to believe in their fiction, have but a dull halfhearted sympathy with characters whom they meet without pleasure, and part from without regret. They have the author's word for it that the girl was beautiful, and the young fellow all that a young fellow ought to be. But there the matter ends. By most readers the story is only regarded as the means of killing a weary hour; while those who take fiction at all seriously are concerned far more with the writer's method and skill than with the movements of the puppets which he brings into play. Nowadays, it is philistine and vulgar to read a story for the sake of the story—which is perhaps fortunate, seeing how many of our modern novelists have absolutely

no story to tell.

It is the same at the theatre. The play itself, considered as a work of art; the scenery and stage management; the actors and the acting, to say nothing of the audience—these are the things which acting, to say nothing of the audience—these are the things which absorb all the attention which the cultivated playgoer has to bestow. Rarely, if ever, does the sense of reality creep in; rarely, if ever, away which divide the actual world from that imaginary world into which, for the time being, we are privileged to glance. How well do we remember the remark made to us by a Iriend, when we were returning together from witnessing a performance of Ibsen's Doll's House: "I forgot it was only a play; I believed in it as though it had all been true!" For once the sense of absolute reality had been there; and so strange did it seem that we thought the circumstance worthy of special remark. we thought the circumstance worthy of special remark.

But in this case, as in the case of romance before referred to, there are many incidents which might be cited to show that the mingling of fact and fiction is natural—and, indeed, inevitable—in the earlier

of fact and fiction is natural—and, indeed, inevitable—in the earlier stages of intellectual growth; and that the separation only comes with maturer years and higher education.

In one of the wilder parts of California—the extent of the dramatic knowledge of which may be judged by the fact that a local house once hailed the falling of the curtain on a performance of Hamlet, by long and prolonged shouts for the author, which were only silenced when the manager stepped before the curtain and informed the company that Mr. Shakespeare had died some time ago—a brawny miner, witnessing a play in which a little girl was ill-treated by the villain, threw off his coat, and sprang on to the stage with the ominous words, "Wait till I get at him—that's all!" Nor need we go to California for like examples of inability to separate romance from reality. A yokel from the Western Counties, on a visit to the metropolis, was once taken to a theatre, where it chanced that the play given contained a scene in which one man hides from another in a cupboard. When the second actor entered, and began his useless play given contained a scene in which the hair index from a curboard. When the second actor entered, and began his useless search—looking, of course, everywhere but in the right place—the good fellow's feelings became too much for him: "He's hiding in the coobard, maister," he shouted at the top of his voice, to the no small amusement of the audience, and, as may be imagined, not a little to the embarrassment of the performers.

A very early incident of this kind is recorded in connection with

A very early incident of this kind is recorded in Connection with the once famous Robert Cox, who is known to students of theatrical history for the large part which he took in keeping the dramatic spirit of this country alive during the time of the Commonwealth. In a ourious little volume, published in 1672, and entitled "The Wits," Kirkman relates an incident which befell Cox on one occasion when he was engaged in a country town in a play in which he filled the rôle of a smith. After the performance was over, a master with his use of anvil and from he peighbourhood, charme came bustling behind the scenes for the purpose of offering him twelve-pence a week more than he paid any of his other journey-men. Doubtless the good man was considerably surprised when he found that Cox was unwilling to listen to his overtures, and, indeed, knew less about the practical work of a smithy than the youngest

boy in his establishment.

boy in his establishment.

Readers of dramatic biography will probably recall many anecdotes of the same kind, but space can be found here for one only. A good many years ago at Greenock some performances were given of the once-popular Anchor of Hope, a piece containing an exciting scene in which there is a fight between a band of smugglers and a captain. It happened that one evening gallery and pit were filled with sailors from the Channel fleet, which had just anchored outside the town. All went well enough till the smugglers attacked the captain and then in a moment the whole house was thrown into the captain, and then in a moment the whole house was thrown into confusion. A perfect stampede of outraged tars struggled on to the stage, where they fell upon the smugglers and routed them, amidst the intense excitement of the onlookers. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they could be made to understand that, after all, it was "only acting," W. H. H.



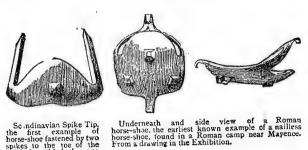
"HIFIRST LEVÉE"

THE HORSE-SHOE EXHIBITION.

AN exhibition of ancient and modern horse-shoes was opened last week in the rooms at the Animals' Institute, 9, Kinnerton Street, Wilton Place, Belgravia. There are upwards of one thousand specimens of shoes, dating from the age of Caractacus, down to the hand-wrought and machine-made shoe of the most approved modern kind. There is also a very large collection of nails and other appliances for fastening the shoe to the foot. Some of the shoes are without nails, adhering to the foot naturally, without any artificial aid. Others were intended to be fastened with bands, and a number of nails of very clumsy character are to be seen, which must have inflicted severe if not lasting injury upon the poor horse on which they were used.

on which they were used.

The oldest shoe is in a small case on a table to the left on enter-The oldest shoe is in a small case on a table to the left on entering. This was found under a mound at Tenbury, in Worcestershire, by Mr. John Robinson, the High Bailiff, known as the mound of Caractacus, and covered the remains of his warriors after his defeat by Ostorius, A.D. 50. The iron is much corroded, but in a perfect state of preservation. It measures 5% in. in length, by 4% in. in its widest part. Those who are able to reconstruct the



indinavian Spike Tip, first example of eshoe fastened by two is to the toe of the it enabled a horse to el over the ice without long. It dates from the the century. Our illuson is copied from a ring in the Exhibition.



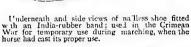


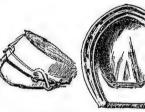
Modern Racing shoe. Roman horse-shoe dur up while making the Thames Embankment.



The "Edinburgh" and "Manches'er" shoes, fitted with movable spikes for heavy roads and to prevent slipping.









The Anglo - Belgian shoe, fitted with movable India-rubber pads, to prevent slipping.

horse from one of his shoes judge that the horses of that day must have been small and sturdy animals. There are seven other shoes on the same table, many of which must date from the complete occupation of Great Britain by the Romans. All of the shoes contain nail holes; and many holes are still filled with broken-beaded pails

Several of these shoes were found in the neighbourhood of London, and one close to the Thames Embankment. One Roman shoe is very broad on both quarters, and measures 6 in. in length, by 5½ in.; this is a near-side fore-shoe. Another of the same type is the hind-shoe, and both are "fullered" for the nail holes. One of these still retains the maker's punch mark. The horses must have been very much bigger animals than those of the age of Caractacus. The Roman shoes must have taken quite half a day to forge, and placed beside them is a pretty machine-made shoe, which are turned out at the rate of four hundred a minute by Firth, of Troy, United States.

On large boards, in another portion of the room, are one hundred different varieties of horse-shoes, representing those in use during the last three hundred years. The whole Exhibition is one of great interest to lovers of all animals that are shod.—For the foregoing description we are inde'ted to the Standard.

THE ICY GRIP OF MARCH

THE sudden and severe frost of March was quite as remarkable as the long-continued mildness of January. In January, the thermometer rose to a point rarely touched in that month; and every part of Western Europe, as well as the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, shared in the warmth; and, on the other hand, the

sudden frost which ushered in March was felt in every country of Europe from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean, and the United States just at the same time experienced a very marked fall of the thermometer. The cold therefore seems to have spread nearly half round the world in the Northern Hemisphere, and it might be curious to speculate upon the causes of such a remarkable and widespread fall of temperature. Within the British Islands, the feature of the sudden cold snap was the advance of a compararound the world in the Northern Hemisphere, and it might be curious to speculate upon the causes of such a remarkable and widespread fall of temperature. Within the British Islands, the feature of the sudden cold snap was the advance of a comparatively small depression from the north-west over Scotland and South-eastern England. In Scotland, there were no very marked results of the passage of depression; but in England, especially in the district between Cambridge and Dover, the cold which followed the recovery of the barometer from the lowest point was not only the most severe experienced in any part of the British Islands this winter, but exceeds the amount of cold recorded for several years. The cold reported near Canterbury on Tuesday morning, two degrees above zero, is the lowest noted in any part of England since the memorable frost of January, 1881, and is lower by several degrees than the-most severe frost reported from the top of Ben Nevis this winter. This icy grip of March, though sharp and sudden, can scarcely be called abnormal. People generally reckon Mirch as a spring month, forgetful of the fact that more snow usually falls in the first fortnight of March than in any other fortnight throughout the winter. And, in this case, not only did more snow fall, but, in many parts of the country, the snow that fell was the solitary specimen of a snowstorm this winter.

One feature of the cold which was specially unpleasant to people of the South of England was, that the frost was much more intense and continued for a longer time in the South-Eastern counties of England than in the North of Scotland. There was a difference of no less than forty degrees between the cold reported in some parts of Kent and the cold at the same hour of Tuesday morning in Shetland and the Hebrides; but the North was then under the influence of a warm wind from the Atlantic, while the Polar current still sent its icy blast over Kent. The results of such a decided check to vegetation will be salutary on the whole in the keeping b

bears a strong likeness to the much more moderate frost of December, which, like it, was but little felt in Scotland, though in Southern England and the greater part of France it was sharp enough to raise hopes of a winter of skating and curling, which were not destined to be fulfilled.

A.C.



THE world is so well known nowadays that but few of its corners THE world is so well known nowadays that but few of its corners are left for any one to explore. One such out-of-the-way portion of the globe is described by Mr. C. M. Woodford in "A Naturalist Among the Head Hunters" (George Philip and Son). The book is a modest and unassuming account of three visits paid to the Solomon Islands in the years 1836, 1887, and 1888, for the purpose of collecting specimens of the little-known birds, butterflies, and flowers of those islands. The Solomon Islanders have a very evil reputation as muriderers and cannibals; but Mr. Woodford is an enthusiastic naturalist, and in the pursuit of science ventured alone among the Head Hunters. His courage and perseverance were among the Head Hunters. His courage and perseverance were rewarded by the discovery of several new species, and his tact with the natives is proved by hopes for his return expressed by the people of the village in which he made his longest stay, and in which his influence was consequently most felt. To the naturalist this book will be a mine of information, and to the general reader it will be one of the most interesting books of travel published for some time. The illustrations are reproduced from photographs taken by the author, and the book is further provided with three

taken by the author, and the book is further provided with three useful and excellent maps of the Solomon Islands group.
"The Islands of the Ægean" (Clarendon Press) is an account of three journeys to the Cyclades, the islands off the coast of Asia Minor, and the islands of the Thracian Sea, undertaken during the last fifteen years by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. The author has visited every island of any importance in the Ægean Sea, and gives a very interesting account of the remarkable tunnel and aqueduct at Samos, which is said by Herodotus to have been the work of Eupalinus. All traces of the tunnel had been lost for centuries, when it was accidentally discovered by a priest about seven years when it was accidentally discovered by a priest about seven years ago. At Patmos Mr. Tozer saw the Monastery and Cave of the Apocalypse, and was allowed to visit the library of the Monastery, which contains some very valuable MSS., among them being the famous Codex N., a manuscript of the Book of Job, and two books of the Gospels. Though somewhat prosily written, the book is extremely interesting, especially to those who have travelled, or who intend to travel, in the Levant A map of the Ægean Sea is

who intend to travel, in the Levant A map of the Ægean Sea is placed at the beginning of the volume.

A curious piece of English social history is recounted in "The King's Book of Sports," by L. A. Govett, M.A. (Elliot Stock). "The Book of Sports" was issued by James I. in 1618, allowing or encouraging all those people who had been to church in the morning to spend Sunday afternoon in playing old English games, except bull and bear-baiting, and bowls among the lower orders. The Puritans were strongly against sports on Sunday, and the Declaration raised such a storm that it was withdrawn in 1620. In 1633 "The Book of Sports" was republished by Charles I., and caused great excitement all over the kingdom, many of the clergy being suspended for refusing to read it in church. The book was the cause of Laud's fall, and one of the principal causes of the Civil War. Shakespeare Societies will be amused to hear how indignantly the author of "The Stage Condemn'd" lashed the wickedness of the time because Shakespeare's plays were printed on the ness of the time because Shakespeare's plays were printed on the best paper.

best paper.

"In Tennyson Land," by J. Cuming Walters (George Redway), is a book of the class that from time to time draws forth indignant and undignified protest from the Poet Laureate It is a record of wanderings in and about the little village of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where Lord Tennyson was born, with the hope of identifying the scenery which inspires the poet's descriptions. If Mr. Walters has not been very successful in particular instances it is because the Laureate does not belong to the school of literary photographers, but is himself in a large measure the creator of the scenes he describes. But Mr. Walters has very skilfully pointed out the influence exercised by the scenery of Lincolnshire over the poet's mind. and the frequency with which similes drawn from the country mind, and the frequency with which similes drawn from the country round Somersby recur in his works. All lovers of Tennyson will appreciate this little book, the value of which is greatly increased by the beautiful illustrations of the places and scenes among which the poet was brought up, and which have, perhaps without his knowledge, served as his models.

"A Visit to the Transvaal" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) is a reprint of some capital papers by Mr. Pearse Morrison, contributed

to a London newspaper. All those interested in the Transvaal goldfields, whether as investors or as intending emigrants, will be glad to read Mr. Morrison's unpretending account of what he saw on his two visits to this Eldorado. They will learn something about the mines, and a good deal about what immigrants have to do and put up with. Like all South Africans, Mr. Morrison bewails the madness that caused us to fling away this valuable country; and, finally, he advises no one to go out to the goldfields merely because he cannot get on in London. The skilled artisan is in demand, the clerk is a drug in the market.

"Fireside Flittings: a Book of Homely Essays" (Stonesby and Co.), is a dainty, vellum-bound little volume, containing the opinions of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson. "A Race for Life: a Sketch in the Tyneside Dialect," is amusing.

"Janet Hamilton, and Other Papers," by Joseph Wright (R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh), is a sketch of an old Scotch peasant poetess, who died only a year or two ago. The simple story is marred by the "unco'guid" style in which it is told; but, in spite of this, the figure of the old Lowland poetess, with her love for the great masters of English verse, stand;) ut a noble survival of a plain and sturdy generation.

"Sermons to Boys." by I. T. Bramston, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein.

figure of the old Lowland poetess, with her love for the great masters of English verse, stand; at a noble survival of a plain and sturdy generation.

"Sermons to Boys," by J. T. Bramston, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). Boys are in many respects a difficult audience to deal with. They have not yet learned to make allowance for the obstacles that have to be övercome in every undertaking, and are apt to express their disapproval in whatever phrase of blunt schoolboy vernacular may happen to be in vogue. But nothing do they see through so quickly as goody goody and humbug, and the preacher who addresses boys has an arduous task before him. It is therefore high praise to say that Mr. Bramston's sermons, preached in Winchester College Chapel, are in many respects models of what such sermons should be. They are manly and straightforward, and appeal to the best side of a boy's impressionable nature.

"Mexico and Her Resources," by A. J. Dunn (Alfred Boot and Sons). Mr. Dunn speaks warmly of Mexico as a country with a future, and as a land suited for English capital and English energy. Under the Presidency of General Porfirio Diaz peace and prosperity reign in the land, which is rich in mineral and agricultural wealth. Mr. Dunn recommends English immigrants to settle in small colonies, and states that English is spoken in most of the towns. Full statistics are provided, and extracts from the Colonisation Act of 1883 are given in the appendix.

"Modes of Painting," by J. Scott Taylor (Winsor and Newton), is, as its title implies, a short sketch of all the different methods employed in painting, from pencil-drawing to oil-painting. It is a little handbook that will be useful to smatterers.

Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," translated by Fairfax (Routledge), forms the seventh volume of Mr. Henry Morley's useful "Carisbrooke Library." It is a reprint of the edition of 1600, and is prefaced by some excellent introductory notices by Mr. Morley. The masterpiece of Torquato Tasso celebrates the First Crusade, which was preach such an accessible form.

are due to the editor and publisher for giving so excellent a work such an accessible form.

"Idle Musings," by E. Conder Gray (William Heinemann), are pleasantly-written little essays on commonplace subjects, and will serve admirably to wile away an idle half-hour or two.

In "Ready Reference: The Universal Cyclopædia," by W. Ralston Balch (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh), the compiler has produced one of those encyclopædic volumes which are so popular at the present day, and which serve many men in place of a memory. "Ready Reference" contains a dictionary, and a consise account of everything that everybody wants to know. In future editions, a little judicious pruning would probably not detract from the value of the book.

"Russia," by W. R. Morfill, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin), is the twenty-third volume of that most useful series "The Story of the Nations." The history of Russia is perhaps less known in England than that of any other European nation, and Mr. Morfill has done an excellent piece of work in giving us a sketch of the Empire of the Czars in one handy volume. It is true that he has rather Bowdlerised his subject, and filled in his canvas with neutral tints, some of the fierce rulers of Muscovy being hardly recognisable in the suave and rather colourless presentments of Mr. Morfill. There are some useful chapters on Russian literature and social customs and institutions. The book is capitally illustrated, and is provided with maps, and a genealogical table of the House of Romanov. Mr. Morfill has produced a book that was much needed, and his work was evidently a labour of love with him.

Vol. XX. of "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock), is, like its predecessors, full of fascinating antiquarian lore. The series of papers on "The Records of St. Thomas's Hospital" is particularly interesting.

"The Life of P. T. Barnum," written by himself (The

on "The Records of St. American interesting.

"The Life of P. T. Barnum," written by himself (The Courier Company, Buffalo), is a thoroughly characteristic book. The great showman has republished his most amusing account of his life, and of all the various enterprises he took up in pursuit of wealth. On every page there is a good story or an anecdote, and the whole is told with such a simple and straightforward egotism, and with so much dry Yankee humour, that the perpetual recurrence of the first person pronoun fails to offend. The book is a remarkable chronicle of indomitable pluck and per-

The book is a remarkable chronicle of indomitable pluck and perseverance. Some of the illustrations are worthy of a niche in Barnum's collection of freaks.

"The Gift of D. D. Home," by Madame Dunglas Home (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). This book contains a detailed account of the séances held by Mr. Home, the spiritualist, in Florence, London, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Petersburg, and many other places. There is also mention made of well-known persons who believed in Mr. Home's powers, and men like Professors Faraday and Tyndall who absolutely refused to credit them. The book is, of course, written from a purely partisan point of view, in answer to the attacks made on the late Mr. Home, but the details of the various séances and the particulars of a half-forgotten controversy will doubtless be of interest to those who are interested in spiritualism.

"English Intercourse with Siam in the Seventeenth Century," by John Anderson, M.D., I.L.D. Edin., F.R.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). This volume is the latest addition to Trübner's "Oriental Series," and it is well worthy of a place in that learned collection. Dr. Anderson has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of his subject, and he treats of a period when English trade with Siam rose to considerable proportions. The East India Company first decided to compete in the Siam trade in 1611, and in that year the Globe was despatched from London, reaching Patani, in Lower Siam, on June 23rd in the following year. Nicolo di Conti was the first European v.no visited Mergui, and he travelled overland from Europe, reaching Siam about 1427, or just seventy years before Vasco di Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope. The first to establish a trading station at Patani were the Portuguese, in 1517, and they were followed by the Dutch in 1602. The arrival of the English ten years later gave great offence to the Dutch, and, in 1619, war broke ou. between the rival nations, which did great damage to trade. The first Frenchmen—missionaries—arrived in Siam in 1662, and, in 1675, an embassy sent by Louis XIV., to secure trading privileges, reached the Court of Siam. The first French trading station was founded in 1680, and the French merchants rapidly acquired great influence with the Emperor. During this period the extraordinary adventurer Phaulkon was the most powerful man in Siam, and his rule was very favourable to the foreign traders, but, in 1687, the East India Company, who were rising to power, declared war against the King of Siam. This was followed by a massacre of the Europeans, and next year a revolution broke out, in which the Emperor and his family and the great Minister Phaulkon were murdered. From that year dates the decline of English trade with Siam. Revolution followed revolution, with the natural consequence that the country became impoverished, and trade impossible. During the seventeenth century Siam flourished, and its trade with the European merchants brought it great wealth, but during the eighteenth century it forfeited all its advantages, and the East India Company turned to making history in Hindostan. It was not until October 6th, 1824, that a force, under Sir A. Campbell, captured Mergui, the port which King James II. had coveted more than one hundred and thirty years before. Dr. Anderson's book is illustrated by a sketch map, and is a work which all who are interested in the East Indies will read with keen interest.

Mr. Alfred Rimmer's "Summer Rambles around Manchester"

Mr. Alfred Rimmer's "Summer Rambles around Manchester' (John Heywood, Manchester) is a very pleasant volume. Mr. Rimmer is one of those—now happily increasing in number—who have a genuine love for the rural roads of England—the coach-roads nave a genume love for the furnification of England—the coach-roads and cross-paths, once alive with traffic, but since the railway days almost deserted. Mr. Rimmer tells us that he has walked through every county in England "from Truro to Hexham," and he has much that is interesting to say on English rural scenery. He dwells upon the fact that American visitors to England take much more interest in our country than we do ourselves, and suggests that shortly some American Cook or Gaze may organise excursions here to show Englishmen the beauties of their own land. We can imagine no pleasanter occupation for Manchester folk on summer Saturdays and Sundays than to visit, under Mr. Rimmer's guidance, Saturdays and Sundays than to visit, under Mr. Rimmer's guidance, the places described in this volume; to see the great houses, and learn something of their former occupants; to gain some knowledge of architecture and local history; and to breathe the pure air which exists beyond the Manchester smoke-belt. Mr. Rimmer's book (which originally appeared in parts in the Manchester Guardian) is illustrated by a series of neat and careful drawings of scenery and buildings.

LENT RACING AT CAMBRIDGE

AT the very commencement of the Lent Term the University crew begin to practise at Cambridge, and all the thoughts of the boating men are concentrated on their representatives in the coming struggle at Putney; but even the less exalted orders of rowing men are not overlooked, for the Second and Third Division races have to be trained for, not to speak of the race for the position of last boat on the river, which is to many freshmen the introduction to serious rowing on the Cam.

on the river, which is to many freshmen the introduction to serious rowing on the Cam.

Every year, before the Lent Races begin, the last boat on the river has to fight for its place against all comers who are not already upon the lists. Any boat not on the river may aspire to the last place, and may challenge the holder to compete. If a college has enough decent rowing men after filling the boats it has in the Second and Third Divisions, it picks out the test of them to man a challenging boat. These boats train with those already on the river, and the crush from the Boathouses to Baitsbite is something appalling to a stranger, for all the Second and Third Division boats are hard at work under the eye of the coach, as well as the challenging-eights and the numberless tub-pairs. In the middle of it all comes the cry that the 'Varsity are coming, a horse or two is seen trotting along the bank surrounded by a silent and eager crowd, running with the crew, and watching their work with keen interest. Then the boat itself comes in view, the light-blue oars rising and falling in measured swing; and all the smaller fry scuttle out of the way, and, drawing into the Lank, ship their oars to let the heroes go by.

Many an unhappy first-boat man envies the 'Varsity coach his comfortable seat on horseback; for during the months of January and February the towpath is anything but suited for running, as it

Many an unhappy first-boat man envies the 'Varsity coach his comfortable seat on horseback; for during the months of January and February the towpath is anything but suited for running, as it is generally trampled into a sea of mud, diversified by broad puddles, which send a jet of cold and dirty water up the legs of any one who dashes through them. But it all comes into the afternoon's work. All along the river is a succession of boats, manned by eight freshmen and second-year men, all endeavouring to learn the noble art of rowing under difficulties, and all doing their rather awkward best to obey the hoarse monitions of their coach. And on the bank is a succession of coaches, plodding along through the mud, splashing through the puddles, and slipping upon tufts of grass, but, in spite of everything, keeping a steady eye on the boat, and pouring out a continuous fire of orders, criticisms, and ejaculations upon the crews they have to lick into shape.

Practising for the Lent Races is not all child's play; sometimes a thin mist covers the river, and a steady, soaking rain comes drizzling down, drenching every one and everything; sometimes a keen, cold wind blows from over the fens, and catches the oars upon the feather, causing an unconscionable amount of splashing, and making it difficult for the shivering coxswain to keep his boat's head straight; and sometimes, in addition to the wind, there is a nipping frost that numbs the hands and seems to freeze them to the oar, while the blades are covered with a thin coating of ice long tefore the boathouse is reached.

But at last the hardships of training are over, and the racing for

oar, while the blades are covered with a thin coating of ice long before the boathouse is reached.

But at last the hardships of training are over, and the racing for the last place on the river begins. The challenging boats compete in time races for the honour of rowing against the last boat, and when the last boat has either kept or lost its place, the Lent Races begin. These races last four days, and are confined to the boats of the Second and Third Divisions, the First Division only rowing in the May Races. The start takes place in the Post Reach just above Baitsbite Lock, and the two winning posts are a little beyond the railway bridge that crosses the Cam near Chesterton. Halfway down the Post Reach stands the starter, with a stop-watch in his hand, and heside him the little cannon on a wooden carriage, with hand, and beside him the little cannon on a wooden carriage, with which the races are started. As the time draws near, the coaches anxiously compare their watches with those of the starter, and the crew strip off their blazers and thick jerseys and hand them over to crew strip off their blazers and thick jerseys and hand them over to one of the college boatmen, who ties them up in a thick bundle and follows the boat with them on his back all through the race. At the minute-gun the crews get into their boats and push off gently into mid-stream, the cox having to hold the cord that connects the boat to the starting post in his right hand, and at the same time to keep his rudder lines clear and the boat's head straight. The coach, watch in hand, curefully counts the seconds, and, when but eight or nice remain, gives the word "Forward all!" and, when but eight or nine remain, gives the word "Forward all!"
Then he counts the last seconds out loud: "Five—four—three—two—one;" the gun fires, the cox drops the connecting rope, the crew start off hurriedly in spite of their coach's entreaty to keep her steady, and the whole Post Reach is alive with the competing boats. A little knot of men run on the bank beside each boat, urging on the crew with their shouts to fresh exertions, and encouraging them with cries of "Well rowed!" and "Now you're

Several boats meet their fate even before reaching Ditton, and Ditton Corner itself is a very favourite place for making a bump, though in the Lent Races it can hardly be called a "gallery bump," for the corner that is so gay in summer is now damp and disconsider.

Solate.

When a boat gains upon the one in front of it, the crowd of when a boat gains upon the one in front of it, the crowd of the control of the crowd of the control of the crowd of the control of the crowd of When a boat gains upon the one in front of it, the crowd of partisans upon the bank grows more clamorous in its shouts and encouragement; one enthusiast will spring a waterman's rattle, and another ring a bell, these sounds being supposed to put new strength into the struggling oarsmen. As the boat gains upon its rival the two crowds on the bank become inextricably mixed up, and both boats row their hardest, for the leaders can see their pursuers, and the gaining boat can feel the faint ripple caused by the swish of the oars in front.

No shouts of "well rowed," and no watchman's rattles, are so encouraging to the boat behind as the slight motion caused by the wash of the adversary; it tells that only a few more strokes are needed to achieve victory, and that the bump is certain. A few more vigorous strokes, and then a faint tremor runs through the boat from stem to stern, and a slight grating sound tells that the

more vigorous strokes, and then a faint tremor runs intrough the boat from stem to stern, and a slight grating sound tells that the bump has been made, and that the boat's nose is running along the side of the vanquished. Both boats at once pull into the bank out of the way, and when the race is over the victors hosts their flag in of the way, and when the race is over the victors and the Boathouses.

J. W. P.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The Seventeenth of March is a high day and a festival to the Irish Celt. All work is suspended, and every male, from the patriarch of eighty to the boy of three, wears a sprig of shamrock in his felt hat or cloth cap. The women alone are unadorned, but the custom of wearing crosses, which was common to both sexes a few hundred years ago, is still preserved among very young girls. These Patrick crosses are generally made of old ribbons, laces, bright pieces of cloth, and even paper, and are worn pinned on the left shoulder. They represent the introduction of the Cross by the Patron Saint, as the shamrock is the symbol of the Trinity. It is something more than a coincidence that this symbol is also employed by the followers of Iran for their Triad, and thus forms another link between widely-separated branches of the Aryan race.

For the ordinary Irishman the shamrock represents more of a patriotic than a religious sentiment, and to the hard-working Celt in America it brings back emotional memories of the home and land that he has left. As he fingers the withered bunch of trefoil which a mother or sister has sent him from the old country, he feels once more that yearning passion for his land which is one of the distinctive marks of his race. The cabin in which he was born, the green fields and the heather-clad bogs over which he has roamed, become visible realities; he in present again at dance and wake; and hears anew the thrilling whisper from some comrade which tells him of the time and place where the drill will be held that night.

that night.

Tell me, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, Where the gathering is to be?

At the old spot by the river
That's well known to you and me.

To the Irishman at home it is chiefly a day when the Saint's memory is drowned in the national drink; and, viewed over the memory is drowned in the national drink; and, viewed over the punch-bowl, St. Patrick assumes more the character of a jovial, hard-drinking companion than of an austere saint. For little peasant girls it opens bright with the prospect of wearing a many-coloured cross all through the long spring hours of the day. No matter what the weather is, if there is a "big house" in the neighbourhood and a kind mistress reigning there, they hurry across the bogs and newly-ploughed fields, through the plantations of beech and fir, to the friendly kitchen to ask for a cross. Year after year did the irritated tone of the cook who found it thus invaded rise in our ears, "Will yees come down, Miss, for there's a sight o' shilther below." irritated tone of the cook who found it thus invaded rise in our ears, "Will yees come down, Miss, for there's a sight o' shilther below." A pretty sight they were, too, with their ruddy faces framed by durk or flaxen hair, and their eyes alight with expectation. To each one we always gave one of the bright crosses which we had made the night before, and then sent them away happy, and eager to show their gifts to their parents.

we always gave one of the bright crosses which we had made the night before, and then sent them away happy, and eager to show their gifts to their parents.

Memories of these l'atrick Days rise before me now—days in which there were bleak, howling winds and showers of rain or hail; days in which the white March sun and an east wind carrying dust in grey floods along the roads made everything look desolate; and days again, rare indeed, when you felt spring in the air, and heard the birds singing on some solitary hawthorn, or from the sedges by the river, while soft grey clouds, broken through here and there by the blue, garmented the sky. But whether the wind and rain stormed in their faces, or the weather was soft and mild, a procession of men and women poured along the road, piously intent upon hearing Mass at the neighbouring chapel, and of attending the "pattern" or fairing which would be held in the village street afterwards. In prayer and in pleasure St. Patrick was thus to be honoured, for the Irish Celt takes his religion mingled with large draughts of fun, and piety and laughter follow each other like the soft lights and shadows across his bare green hills. Step into the chapel and look around at the scene. First you have to make your way through the kneeling throng of worshippers who block up the steps leading into the building. These people are late comers, but their souls receive the same benefit as those of the congregation who are within. They make room for you, pausing in their prayer to bid you good morning, and you pass in to the sacred place. How plous those within seem, and how fervently they finger their rosaries!

Look at the old woman kneeling in the corner on the hard, damp flags. Her sighs and prayerful mutterings drop regularly every minute from her withered lips, yet she will bend and finger the shawl or skirt of her neighbour in front "to prise" it; then, satisfied with her scrutiny of the garment, returns once more with fervour to her prayers. That old woman still believes that the pr

miracle. Of summer nights she still sees the latries dancing in the rath, or hears them whispering at the window. She can talk of the days when the French landed on the Western Coast, and is the keeper of the folk-lore of her people. She and others like her are the last of their race—the old, simple, woefully ignorant, shrewd, yet childishly-credulous Mayo Celt.

Glance at the young man by her side. He has crossed the Atlantic, and is a prominent member of the Land League. His

Atlantic, and is a prominent member of the Land League. His religion sits but lightly upon him, and he comes to Mass because his neighbours do so. This day he wears the shamrock in his hat, not in memory of the Saint, but as an emblem of the Irish nation—

a distinctive mark of his birth.

Further on there kneels a girl worshipping for the last time in the land of her fathers. To-morrow she starts for Cork, and America. She is pious and simple, but has got long beyond the turkey-cock belief. The Virgin Mother is for her a beneficent and powerful guardian, and it is her presence that fills the place, and her glory which the bare whitewashed walks seem to reflect. St. Patrick, too, is there, and his blessing will follow her to the new land she is about to seek. She hears the holy language, the sonorous Latin, rolling to seek. She hears the holy language, the sonorous Latin, rolling from the priest's lips, and is conscious of an awe and reverence as she listens to the sound.

Intermingled with these pious sensations is a complacent know-ledge that her friends, and "the boys" kneeling near her, can see

her new shawl and the hat (an awful composition of flowers most violently opposed to each other), which have been bought for

widently opposed to each outer), which are dispersed about the "Amireckay."

An hour later all these worshippers have dispersed about the town, most of them to drink to the Saint's memory in the numerous public-houses, a sacred duty, which sometimes continues till late in the afternoon. Others gather round the stalls which line each side of the street, where sugarcane and "crackers" (buns), flannel, and hardware are offered for sale.

Everywhere above each man's head hangs his "own immortal techniques."

hardware are offered for sale.

Everywhere above each man's head hangs his "own immortal green," and in the tattered caubeen of the beggar, the old-fashioned top-hat of the elderly farmer, and the hard-blocker of the young man, rests the little trefoil.

Towards night the road is once more thronged by peasants, many of whom show unmistakeable signs of having—as the charitable language of the country puts it—taken "a dhrop." Sober or drunk, merry or sad, all return, feeling that St. Patrick was a gentleman, a great man, and a patriot, who did for the landlord of his day by a good display of the shamrock.

MANUS

SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM SMYTHE, K.C.M.G.

WITHOUT any previous signs of illness, Sir Frederick Smythe, Comptroller-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, died suddenly on Saturday, the 22nd ult., in the lunching-room of the Bank at Constantinople. The deceased hid been on the staff of the Bank from its earliest foundation, and had rendered that institution from its earliest foundation, and had rendered that institution incalculable service, as is well-known in financial circles in Eastern Europe. But he was far more remarkable for the infinite trouble and inexhaustible energy which he expended in forming associations for benevolent purposes, the creation and guidance of which was the ruling passion of his life. He was universally beloved in every section of the heterogeneous population of Cons'antinople. The British colony was proud of him, but he was just as well known to the foreign colonies and to the native communities—



SIR FREDERICK WILLIAM SMYTHE, K.C.M.G. Comptroller-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople Born 1835. Died February 22 1890

Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and Hebrew. He assisted them all He lived very modestly, spending a large proportion of his income in charity. He was laid in Scutari Cemetery on Monday, the 24th ult., in the presence of an immense concourse of people; representatives of the Imperial Court and departments of the States, the Armbassadors and the diplotatives of the Imperial Court and departments of the States, delegates from the Patriarchates, the Ambassadors, and the diplomatic body, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, and humble folk in vast numbers, all of whom were fain to offer a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose simple life was ruled by the law of kindness.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinonle. Constantinople.

PICTURES OF JAPAN

PICTURES OF JAPAN

The series of oil and water-colour pictures illustrating the scenery of Japan which Mr. Alfred East is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation. He has looked at the country through the medium of his own artistic sense, and has depicted its mountain fastnesses, its placid lakes, its flowery meadows, its villages and its temples, in a manner showing the most appreciative perception of their especial character and beauty. In a prefatory note to the catalogue, Dr. Junker informs us that they are all accurate representations of the chosen subjects. Those who remember the pictures that Mr. East has exhibited within the last two years will readily understand that it is not in their fidelity to local fact that their chief value lies. They are almost as varied in atmospheric effect as in subject. One of the largest of them, "A Distant View of Kobe, and the Inland Sea," with a tea-house and a plum tree laden with blossom in the foreground, is admirable for its rendering of suffused light and space, and for the subtle skill with which the brilliant local tints are harmonised. "Dawn on the Sacred Mountain," representing space, and for the subtle skill with which the brilliant local tints are harmonised. "Dawn on the Sacred Mountain," representing the Fugi-San, half-hidden by clouds, is a still finer work, more poetical in feeling and more impressive. Effects of a more transitory kind are admirably rendered in "Evening After a Stormy Day at Hakone," "An Angry Night," and "Afterglow of Red Sunset." Strongly contrasting with these, but equally good in their way, are the numerous pictures of tea-houses and village homesteads, surrounded by blossoming trees, and glowing with bright sunshine. The figures in all of them are skilfully introduced, and in perfect keeping with their surroundings.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ZETLAND, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND IN HIS ROBES AS GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK



HER ENCELLENCY THE COUNTERS OF ZETLAND



Preparations for the Labour Conference in Germany are nearly complete, and the foreign delegates are shortly expected at Berlin. Hungary will press the question of Sunday labour, as at present she is perplexed by her different nationalities having each their own holidays, while both Spain and France are represented rather from courtesy than as expecting any useful result. The Pope will have a voice in the matter through the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, thus avoiding the difficulty of direct representation, and most of the German provinces will send special experts. It is significant that on the eve of the Conference the Emperor has conferred the highest German decoration—the Order of the Black Eagle—on Herr von Bütticher, who was the chief mover in the social reform schemes of William I., and who is believed to have smoothed away the differences between the present Sovereign and Prince Bismarck on the Labour Question. Herr von Bütticher is generally regarded as Prince Bismarck's ultimate succersor, but, for the present, the "Chancellor crisis" is quite in abeyance. Not that the Emperor's views have changed, for in his speech at a dinner given by the Brandenburg Diet he stated, "All who will assist me in my great work I shall heartily welcome, but those who oppose me in this task I shall crush." At the same time he justified his foreign travels, which were so often criticised, but which gave him the opportunity of observing the country's domestic relations from an outside point of view. This declaration does not augur well for the Socialists, so they think. The new Reichstag meets on April 15th—Emperor William is said to have remarked that a bad Reichstag does not delay the course of history—and will soon be asked for f esh military credits to create fifty batteries of field artility. More supplies will also be wanted for East Africa, as the Government appear to think that the time is ripe for converting the Protectorate, into an Imperial colony, and hope to secure Emin Pasha as the first Governor. They will also a

For the present FRANCE has tided over her expected Ministerial crisis. Instead of causing the fall of the Tirard Cabinet, the debate on the participation of France in the German Labour Conference resulted in the Ministry carrying the day by 480 votes against 4. On questions of French foreign policy, the most opposite political sections will often combine to support the Government rather than show a divided national spirit, and in this case M. Spuller justified the Government action so temperately and conclusively that his hearers were speedily convinced. Accordingly five French delegates go to Berlin—four technical experts, all self-made men, and M. Jules Simon, whose appointment is generally approved. They are sent with the understanding that the decisions of the Conference will not bind them to action. The Government scored another success in the House on the Dahomey question, when the Under-Secretary for the Colonies. M. Etienne, explained that it was not intended to send an Expedition for conquest, but merely to protect French subjects. It is doubtful, however, whether France will not be drawn into a regular war against Dahomey. The late King, Gle Gle, began the troubles months ago by attacking Porto Novo, which is under the French protectorate, and, on the French Governor being sent to the capital to remonstrate, the savage monarch kept M. Bayol a virtual prisoner for some time, and forced him to witness the horrible human sacrifices. Shortly afterwards Gle Gle died, and was succeeded by his son Koudo, who assembled a large force to attack the French stations. Three companies of Senegalese troops were sent to Kokonou, and repulsed several attacks from the Dahomeyans, although the latter forces included their famous Amazon contingent. So far, the French ports can hold their own, but, unfortunately, a French missionary and five of his countrymen were persuaded by a treacherous half-caste to remain at the Dahomeyan port of Whydah, and were taken prisoners by the King, who has carried them off to Abomey. Shoul

Though long expected, M. Tisza's resignation has created a deep impression in Austria-Hungary. His retirement has been an open secret for nearly a week, but no formal announcement was made to Parliament, in order that the House might pass the Budget now under discussion. M. Tisza has been Hungarian Premier for fifteen years, and his successful management of national affairs renders the Emperor particularly unwilling to lose so able a Minister. But during the last year, since the unpopular Army Bill was brought forward, the Hungarian Oppositionso harried the Premier that his position became intolerable. Dissensions in the Cabinet were the last straw, and M. Tisza took advantage of the Kossuth difficulty to resign his post. According to Hungarian law, Kossuth would have lost his rights as a citizen in January last, through not having resided in the country for ten years, but M. Tisza announced in Parliament that this penalty would be waived, as the absentee patriot was a freeman of several Hungarian towns, and he further promised to insert a special clause in the "Naturalisation Bill." Kossuth's subsequent haughty letter, refusing to acknowledge the Emperor King of Hungary, rendered such an act impossible. Yet M. Tisza felt bound to adhere to his promise, and hence the Ministerial crisis. He will be succeeded as Premier by Count Szapáry—until now Minister of Agriculture—who will not make many alterations in the Cabinet. Count Szapáry's previous record does not promise well for his success in facing the difficulties of the Premi. rship. When he was Finance Minister some years ago, the monetary affairs of the country became so involved that M. Tisza was obliged to take the matter in hand. However, the Count will have the support of his

former chief, as M. Tisza intends to remain in Parliament as Leader of the Liberal party, instead of retiring to his estate according to his opponents' advice. The latter are preparing demonstrations to celebrate their enemy's fall when definitively confirmed—a contrast to the sympathy expressed in Austria with the late Premier.

PORTUGAL preserves her antagonistic attitude towards England, and, to complicate the dispute further, the Delagoa Bay Railway difficulty has again become active. The British Railway Company sent over a director, hoping to settle the claims amicably, but the Portuguese have refused all compromises, intending at all hazards to keep the railway, the adjoining lands, and all mining privileges in their own hands, so as to exclude England from Mozambique. In consequence, the British Company claims compensation to the amount of 1,750,000/., and the American Government 750,000/. on behalf of the widow of Colonel M'Murdo, who held about half of the shares. The Portuguese Press abuse England as rabidly as ever, while the Civil Governor of Oporto has tried vainly to check the agitation against the British Consul.

BULGARIA does not relax her efforts towards the recognition of Prince Ferdinand. As the Porte only returns vague answers to all appeals, M. Stambouloff is stated to be preparing a fresh Note to the Powers, putting the case even more strongly than before. He is advised, however, not to endanger his position by despatching the Memorandum at present, for, should he fall, the profit of the Memorandum at present, for, should he fall, the profit of the

India is looking to the defences of her great cities. Although Calcutta was proved safe from surprise by recent experimental operations, Bombay is not so secure, for, during similar manœuvres, a hostile ironclad defeated the defending guardship and shelled the city without being injured by the forts. More guns are wanted, with additional yessels to defend the harbour. Besides planning these fresh armaments, the Government have been preparing an elaborate justification of their excise administration, which was so condemned by the Home Parliament last year. This Memorandum embodies the reports of all provincial Governments on the question, and controverts distinctly the statements brought forward by Mr. Caine. Another important matter is the expected close of the Sikkim negotiations, for the Chinese Amban reached Calcutta on Tuesday. The Chin-Lushai Expedition also shows signs of the end. Both columns combine this week to march on the Tashon capital; and, this being subdued, the forces will return home, leaving garrisons at certain points. The heads of Lieutenant Stewart and of his two fellow victims, lately recovered from the Lushais, have been buried at Haka. Prince Albert Victor is now shooting in the Gujerat district, and visits Bhownugger and Baroda next week. On his way home he will stay privately at Cairo with Sir E. Baring. In BURMA Sir Lepel Griffin prophesies a successful future for the Ruby Mines, after his investigations during a late tour. Smugging must be put down, however, and a limited number of miners allowed to seil rubies in a free market, subject to certain the state of the certain propersystems.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is anxious to deny all intentions of clashing with England in Africa. During a debate in the Chamber on the Government policy—which resulted in a vote of confidence—Signor Crispi declared that, while deviloping commerce in Africa, the Government would carefully regard the interests of Great Britain. "We have always proceeded in accord with her, and shall continue to do so, more especially as our interests and those of England in that quarter and elsewhere are identical."—In RUSSIA the Czar has kept his forty-fifth birthday amid extra precautions against treasonable designs, thanks to the alarm raised by the letter from Madame Tshebrikova. This lady is well-known in literary and educational circles, and has never yet been connected with the revolutionary party, but her epistle to the Czar is most threatening, warning him that he will be assassinated, like his predecessors, unless he modifies his present reactionary policy. She has been arrested.—In PCYPT, Sir F. Grenfell is well satisfied with the present state of affairs in the Soudan, judging from his tour of inspection to Wady Halfa. The Dervishes have gone south, and there seems little prospect of a fresh advance, the chief trouble being famine, which has made many districts deserts, and driven thousands of refugees down the Nile. Great distress also prevails round Suakin, the Arabs even resorting to cannibalism.—There is considerable anxiety in the UNITED STATES lest the number of foreign capitalists now carrying on American industries should injure native manufacturers. Accordingly a Parliamentary inquiry will be made into the working of the emigration laws, and the effects on American workmen of this alien competition. A fatal disaster occurred on the Lake Shore Railway, near Buffalo. A train broke in half, and the two portions collided, telescoping the cars. Seven people were killed, and many injured.—In CANADA a motion against Imperial Federation has been carried unanimously in the Quebec House of Assembly.—In SOUTH AFRICA President



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor from Buckingham Palace at the close of last week, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales. The Princess went back to town next morning, and the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian Victor arrived on a visit. Her Majesty gave a small dinner party on Saturday evening, and additional guests were invited later to hear the Queen's private band play before the Royal party. On Sunday morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Canon Legge preached, and in the evening Prince Christian Victor left the Castl: The Duke of Edinburgh returned to town next morning, when the retiting and the new Persian Ministers were received in audience. Prince and Princess Henry went to town in the evening to the Prince and Princess of Wales' dance, and returned to Windsor on Tuesday in time to hear the members of the Children's Orchestra play before the Queen, at Her Majesty's request. The Duchess of Albany kept Her Majesty

company during their absence. The Queen was expected in town again on Thursday to hold her second Drawing Room yesterday (Friday), and will stay at Buckingham Palace until to-day. Her Majesty's departure for the Continent is fixed for the 24th inst., and the Royal departure for the Continent is fixed for the 24th inst., and the Royal party will reach Aix-les-Bains on the following Wednesday, taking up their quarters at the Villa Victoria—formerly the Villa Mottet, in the gardens of the Hotel de l'Europe. The villa stands very high, and is a two-storied building, the Queen's apartments being on the upper floor. From her windows Her Majesty looks over the Lac de Bourget and the Collines de Tresserae—her favourite excursion—with the Dauphiny Alps in the distance. After spending a fortnight or three weeks at Aix Her Majesty vill probably meet the Empress Frederick in Germany.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday, attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees. In the evening he dined with Lord Randolph Churchill at the Junior Carlton Club, while the Princess with her daughters, Prince George, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife went to the Court Theatre. Next day, the Royal party went to church as usual. Monday being

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday, attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum Trustees. In the evening he dined with Lord Randolph Churchill at the Junior Carlton Club, while the Princess with her daughters, Prince George, and the Duke and Duchess of Fise went to the Court Theatre. Next day, the Royal party went to church as usual. Monday being the twenty-seventh anniversary of their marriage, the Prince and Princess gave a small dance, while bells were rung and salutes fired in London and Windsor in their honour. On Tuesday night the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, went to Chelsea Barracks to witness the Guards' performance of the burlesque of Fra Diavolo, in aid of the Guards' Industrial Home, the Princesses having previously heard a portion of the "Arabella Goddard" Concert at St. James's Hall. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess visited the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Prince and Prince George were present at the musical "At Home" given by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Arts and Sports Exhibition. The Princesses have twice attended the performance of Bach's Passion Music (St. John) at St. Anne's, Soho. The Prince starts for Berlin next Wednesday, and will stay three days, leaving again on the 24th inst. He will preside at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner on May 14th.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves England on the 24th to rejoin

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves England on the 24th to reoin the Duchess and family at Coburg, where his only son, Prince Alfred, will be confirmed on Palm Sunday. The Duke and Duchess come to London for the season on April 16th.—Princess Christian is much stronger in health, and her eyes are better.—Princess Louise, who is also on the Continent, will not return home till afte Easter.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave Bombay this week for Ceylon, being expected at Colombo on Monday. They will only stay the day for an excursion to Kandy, and start by the steamer in the evening for China and Japan.—The Duchess of Albany on Thursday presented prizes to the Kingston Volunteer Battalion, East Surrey Regiment, at the Kingston Regimental Drill Hall.



"Bonny Kilmeny."—Mr. Hamish McCunn's cantata "Bonny Kilmeny," originally produced at Edinburgh, was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. It was written when Mr. McCunn was a mere boy of eighteen, and consequently it could hardly be expected to show the power and strong individuality noticed in his more recent compositions, and particularly in the Lay of the Last Minstrel. In the libretto, which is pieced together from the Ettrick Shepherd's "Queen's Wake " and an elegiac poem by Dr. Moir, Bonny Kilmeny wanders into the wood, loses her way, falls asleep under a magic tree, and is carried by the fairies to the Land of Spirits. She afterwards returns to earth for a month and a day, and warns her former playfellows to lead lives of purity. The music to which this Scotch version of the fable of Persephone is set is studiously simple, melodious songs following upon unpresentious choruses, the whole being remarkable less from a dramatic than from a lyrical point of view. The principal soprano solo, sung on the heroine's return to earth, unfortunately is not very interesting, but some capital music is placed in the mouth of the Reverend Fere, a baritone part sung by Mr. Norman Salmond, while to the tenor music of the narrator full justice was done by Mr. Lloyd. At the end of the performance Mr. McCunn was called to the platform and cheered. The programme also included the same composer's overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in B minor.

The Opera.—Mr. Harris has decided to give regularly no four the flood program and cheered at the Royal Italian Opera, the

THE OPERA.—Mr. Harris has decided to give regularly no fewer than five performances weekly at the Royal Italian Opera, the subscription being divided in order to accommodate those who have applied for boxes. Signor Arditi will not be able to return this year, and Signor Mancinelli has accordingly been re-engaged to cooperate with Signor Bevignani and Mr. Randegger as conductors. Among the new artists engaged are Molle. Tetrazzini, a distinguished Italian soprano, Molle. Richard, principal contralto of the Paris Opéra, Madame Nouvina, a soprano from Brussels, Madame Tavari (now singing at Vienna under the name of Madame Basta), Molle. Colombati, who sang at the Promenade Concerts last year, Mr. Rawner, a gentleman whose tenor voice is said to extend to D flat in alt, Mr. Darvell, the French basso, and M. Ybos, a Belgian tenor. The season will open on May 19th, when M. J. de Reszké will make his rentrice.

It now appears that the plot of Mr. Cowen's new opera is based upon the story of "Viglund the Fair," in Mr. Morris's "Icelandic Legends." In the opera, however, the story has had to be toned down. A Norwegian warrior enters in the suite of his King, and he falls in love with the heroine, who, in accordance with operatic tradition, is compelled by her father to wed a wealthy farmer. The third act is devoted almost exclusively to the love duet. In the fourth act, however, in the midst of the marriage feast, the Viking warrior enters at the head of his men, extinguishes the lights, and carries off the bride.

"THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT."—We last week gave a brief description of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new cantata, The Cottar's Saturday Night, which was produced by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, on the 5th inst. All the more important portions of Burns' poem have been used by Dr. Mackenzie; but it is not until the "neebor lad" comes knocking at the door, and Jenny opens it, that the music becomes especially interesting. The melody of the old Scotch ditty, "The Shepherd's Wife," is here introduced with effect. The stanza which speaks of "happy love" is also in excellent contrast with that descriptive of the humble supper, with the scene of worship, and the singing of old Scotch hymns—at which point snatches from "Elgin," "Dundee," and the "Martyrs" are felicitously introduced. The finest portion of the work is, however, that which describes the vision of the angel which appeared to St. John in Patmos. The final stanza of all, "O, Scotia! My dear, my native Isle," on the other hand, comes out less effectively. In regard to The Dream of Jubal, which followed, it is only necessary to state that the fine elocution and noble voice of Miss Neilson told well, even in the vast space of the Albert Hall.

Madame Apapears Corporate The Corporation of the stantage of the Albert Hall.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.—It was a pity that the success of the testimonial concert given on Tuesday to

assist the once famous pianist, Mulame Arabella Goldard, in the misfortunes caused by her illness, should have been discounted by the letter very properly published by her son, who declares that his mother's relatives are both able and willing to help her, and that the testimonial in her favour was started without their knowledge, and proceeded with against their wishes. However, the compliment to the veteran English pianist her pearly twenty years, exercised so potent an influence over without their knowledge, and proceeded with against their wishes. However, the compliment to the veteran English pianist who, for nearly twenty years, exercised so potent an influence over chumber-music in London was as well-intentioned as it was doubtless acceptable to Malame Goddard herself. The programme was for the most part made up of miscel aneous works, the principal exception, however, being Beethoven's so rarely-heard triple concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, now performed by Miss Janotha, Messis. Joichim and Piatti. Dr. Joachim likewise played some movements from one of Bach's suites, Signor Patti performed two movements from a violoncello concerto by Ariosti, and Malame Redecke Simon for once emerged from her retirement to sing. It had been hoped that Madame Goddard would appear for the first time in public since 1874, but she was too ill to do so. The Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family arrived long before some of the principal performers were ready to begin the concert, and left after the triple concerto. A party of ladies, including two of the daughters of the once famous actress Miss Kate Terry, assisted the benefit by selling programmes at the stall doors of St. James's Hall.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.——At the Monday Popular Concert Buch's

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—At the Monday Popular Concert Buch's double concert in D minor for two violins was played by Lady Hallé and Dr. Joachim, and Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" in A minor was and Dr. Joachim, and Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" in A minor was also in the programme. The Russian mezzo-soprano, Madame de Swiatlowsky, reappeared.—On Saturday, Schumann's pianoforte quartet was played by Miss Geisler, Mess's. Joachim, Strauss, and Piatti, and drew an enormous audience.—On Monday night the study of the Powel College of Music grove on orthogen the study. Piatti, and drew an enormous audience.—On Monday night the students of the Royal College of Music gave an orchestral concert at Prince's Hall. Under the direction of Professor Stanford, the young people gave a highly creditable rendering of Dr. Mackenzie's "La Belle Dame," of Schumann's symphony in D minor, and of Brahms' pianoforte concerto in B flat, the solo, despite the fact that she had injured her wrist, being admirably rendered by that talented young pianist, Miss P. Fletcher. Amongst the works by students were the madrigal, "Sweet is my love," by Miss Lilian Blair Oliphant, and a madrigal, "To Chloris," and a love duet from a manuscript opera by Mr. Godfrey Pringle.—Among the numerous concerts of the week have also been a performance of Berlioz's Faust at the Hampstead Conservatoire Hall, a morning Ballad Concert, in the course of which was announced a new song, "Deep in the Valley," by Miss Florence Aylward, and Mr. Molloy's new song, "Home, Dearie, Home, "a concert by Mrs. Shaw, and a Chamber Concert by the students of the Royal Academy of Music.

NOTES AND NEWS.——A deputation from all the English

NOTES AND NEWS.—A deputation from all the English Universities waited upon Lord Knutsford last week to protest against the examinations held by a Canadian University in this against the examinations held by a Canadian University in this country, and against the consequent granting of degrees in absentit by that University.—Madame Albani has accepted the engagement offered her by the Crystal Palace Directors for the performance by the flandel Orchestra of St. Paul next June.—A new opera, the scene of which is laid in Mexico, in the time of the Montezumas, is still to be contemplated by M. Gounod.—Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte were expected in London from the United States on Thursday.—It is again positively stated that Boïto's Nero will be proday.—It is again positively stated that Boito's Nero will be produced at the Milan Scala next Carnival.—On Monday the Countess Calogan gave an entertainment to the in-patients of the Cancer ('alogan gave an entertainment to the in-patients of the Cancer Hospital, Brompton. The Ladies Emily and Sophie Cadogan, the Hon. E. Cadogan (a child of nine who recited "The Spirit of Contradiction"), the Hon. Mrs. A. Cadogan, the Hon. Alex. Yorke, and others took part.—A preliminary list of artists engaged for this year's Worcester Festival was given last week. The full list, as settled down to date, we understand, consists of Mesdames Albani and Hutchinson, Misses Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, and Grace Damian, Messrs. Lloyd, Hirwen Jones, Brereton, Plunkett Greene, and Watkin Mills.—At a meeting on Tuesday it was settled that the North Staffordshire Festival should take place at Hanley, October 1st and 2nd, under the direction of Dr. Swinnerton Heap. The programme will include Dr. Heap's new cantata. Fair Rosa-The programme will include Dr. Heap's new cantata, Fair Rosamond, the Creation, Revenge, and Golden Legend, a Symphony Concert, and Mozart's Requiem. Mesdames Albani, Nordica, and Damian, Messrs. Lloyd, McKay, Mills, and Foli, and a band and chorus of 320 will take part.



LIKE all Mr. Benson's enterprises, the revival of Hamlet a the GLOBE Theatre presents evidences of careful and conscientious study and preparation. There is nothing, however, very striking in the performance, beyond the fact that, in the churchyard scene, the drowned Ophelia is brought in upon her bier in a way to be visible to the spectators, and that Mr. Benson, in the closet scene with the Constitution of the spectators. with the Queen, after comparing his mother's cabinet portrait of the retridious Claudius with a miniature, dashes the former to the ground, and tramples it under foot. The tradition, which comes to us through Betterton, is rather in favour of two portraits hanging side by side upon the wall; and the words "like a mildewed ear listing his wholesome brother," certainly seem to indicate such juxta-position. But it seems to be settled that a new representative of Manhaten and products. To do him justice. sentative of Hamlet must have new readings. To do him justice, Mr. Benson's new readings are, on more than one occasion, more than plausible. His Danish Prince, however, does not greatly rappress or kindle the imagination; and the rest of the company are sourcelly above reading.

Are scarcely above mediocrity.

Mr. Terriss will, it appears, not return to the ADELPHI. He has been engaged by Mr. Irving for three years. His first appearance since his return with Miss Millward from America will however be mide at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, in a new American romantic drima which bears the title of Paul Kauvar.

drima which bears the title of Paul Kauvar.

A little comedy, entitled Mexicow Sweet, produced by way of lever de rideau at the VAUDEVILLE last week, is the work of a luly who assumes the name of "Terra Cotta." It is a very fresh and pretty little piece, and is admirably acted by Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Fred Thorne, Miss Banister, and other members of the

A one-act comedietta, entitled Miss Cinderella, is to be produced at the COMEDY Theatre to-day (Saturday). It will precede the per-

formance of Dr. Bill. Dutch actors appear to be an energetic race. The other day, the company of the Amsterdam City Theatre were burnt out, losing their scenery, their costumes, and even their prompt and part books of the Dutch version of Mr. Jones's Middleman. Yet three days later they were enabled to resume the performance at a smaller house in the same city. house in the same city.

Little Miss Véra Beringer will appear both as Tom Canty and Edward VI. in the forthcoming production of Mrs. Beringer's version of Mark Twain's story, "The Prince and the Pauper." The piece is to be given at a series of matinées, commencing on April 9th, at the GAILTY Theatre. GAILTY Theatre.

Pedigree, a new comedy, in three acts, by Messrs. Clement Bowring and F. H. Court, will be produced at TOOLE'S Theatre on Friday afternoon, the 28th inst.

The lite Sir Percy Shelley's private theatre in Tite Street, Chelsen Embankment, of which much was heard a few years ago apropos of some unlicensed performances given for the benefit of a charity, is

offered for sale by private contract.

The new theatre at Richmonl is to open on Easter Monday, under the direction of Mr. Horace Lennard, with Jim the Penman, in which Lady Monckton and Mr. Arthur Dacre will sustain their original characters

Mr. Hermann Vezin has been performing at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, this week, as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*.

The absence of any statutory copyright in recitations is attracting just now a good deal of attention owing to the increasing popularity of recitations of old poems. It was certainly a serious grievance that Charles Dickens had no power to forbid a rival reciter adopting a programme identical with his own in the very town in which he was giving readings from his own works. It has been suggested, however, that protection may be found in our Common Law, provided the pieces are not printed and published—a fact that seems hitherto to have been overlooked a fact that seems hitherto to have been overlooked.

Punctually at the hour of one, on Monday afternoon next, the curtain at DRURY LANE will rise on the first item in the vast round of entertainments to be given for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund. Nearly all the leading performers in London will take some share

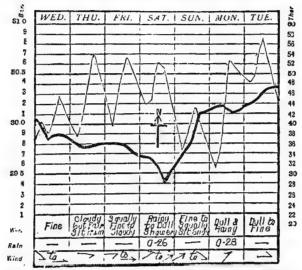
in the programme.

Mr. Arthur Law's new play will take the place of The Midd'eman at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre.

ATT. Grundy's new play, which is shortly to supersede A Mun's S.Ladow at the HAYMARKET, is a piece of the same romantic class. It is founded on a French melodrama. The principal parts will be played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Norreys, Mr. Fernandez, Mrs. Tree, Mr. Fred Terry, and Miss Rose Leclercq. Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company will, this summer, for the first time, make a professional tour in the country, and give some of the leading recent productions of the HAYMARKET Theatre in the chief provincial cities.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tue-day midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The very severe weather noticed towards the close of last week gave place at the very outset of this period to comparatively mild conditions generally. Subsequently unsettled, rough, and decidedly mild weather prevailed over the greater part of the United Kingdom. During the first three days pressure was highest to the South-Westward or Southward of our Islands, nl lowest in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia, and steep gradients for North-Westerly and Westerly winds or slight gales were prevalent in most places, Squally showery conditions were experienced generally, and snow fell in Scotland, while temperature, previously abnormally low over England for the season, rose very quickly at first, and continued to rise, but less quickly afterwards. After Friday (7th inst.) the high pressure in the South did not alter its position much, but some rather large and deep depressions passed Eastward or North-Eastward across the more Northern-portions of the British Islands. These disturbances produced strong North-Westerly to Westerly winds or gales, and squally showery conditions occasionally relieved by brief intervals of bright clear skies over the greater part of the United Kingdom. In the course of Sunday (9th inst.) passing showers of snow or hail were experienced in nearly all places. Temperature did not differ much from the average. The highest values ranged from 54° in the East of Scotland to 58° in the South-East of England. Sharp ground frost was felt in London on Monday morning (1oth inst.); lowest (29'4t inches) on Saturday (8th inst.); range 0'95 inch.

The temperature was highest (57') on Tuesday (11th inst.); lowest (31') on Monday (10th inst.): range 26'.

Rain fell on two drys. Total amount 0'54 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0'28 inch on Monday (10th inst.)

A TRANSATLANTIC AMAZON recently invaded the Mayor's Court at Gainesville, Texas, and inflicted summary punishment on the officials, in revenge for her husband being fined. The lady, who is sixty years old and weighs 17 st. 5 lbs., knocked down in succession a policeman, the city attorney, and the Mayor himself. She then thrashed her three victims, and drove them out of Court, where she remained in triumphant possession for three hours.

The COMING WORLD'S FAIR in the United States will eclipse every previous Exhibition throughout the globe, if Chicago can carry out her present schemes. The main building will be a colossal iron tent with a roof 3,000 ft. in diameter, supported by a central A TRANSATLANTIC AMAZON recently invaded the Mayor's

carry out her present schemes. The main building will be a colossal iron tent with a roof 3,000 ft. in diameter, supported by a central tower I,100 ft. high. This tower will soar above the roof several hundred feet higher than M. Eiffel's creation. Further, there will be an unbroken area of 162 acres on the main floor—double the area of the Paris Exhibition. It is proposed to open the Fair on Many 1802.

INDIAN ART is now being studied on the spot by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who intends next April to open an Indian exhibition in London, on the same plan as his recent Japanese display. He will represent the life of the natives in streets, bazaars, and shops, seen mostly in the early morning and evening, which he believes to be the most favourable time to paint Indian scenes. Mr. Mennes con-May 1, 1893. mostly in the early morning and evening, which he believes to be the most favourable time to paint Indian scenes. Mr. Menpes considers that "Art is decidedly on the decline throughout India"—so the Times of India tells us. "I suppose this is British influence, for I am sure the native has artistic instincts," continues the artist, who speaks highly of the skill with which native house-painters matched the delicate tones M. Menpes indicated, and of their sense of colour. He finds India "fairer in colour than I expected;" and admires Jeypore and Hyderabad most of all cities. "Jeypore is always beautiful, even in the glare of the midday sun: it is a pink city, where the people by artistic instinct always clothe themselves harmoniously. Hyderabad, again, is made beautiful by the liberal use of distemper in the bazaars: it is a yellow city—from lemon to deep orange."



THE LAST EYE-WITNESS OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR has just died at Sittingbourne, Kent—Joseph Sutherland, a centenarian

SEA-GULLS are late in visiting London this winter. Usually they come up the Thames directly severe weather sets in, but none have been seen this season until the end of last week, when a flock of the black-headed species appeared between Blackfriars and Waterlea Beideres Waterloo Bridges.

THE COAL-BORINGS NEAR DOVER progress most satisfactorily The first seam proved only three feet thick, but some yards lower a seam of eight feet was reached, and the latter find excites great expectations. The coal resembles the Derbyshire product. On the other hand many practical geologists consider that the coal-producing area is nearly limited. producing area is very limited.

THE STANLEY AND AFRICAN EXHIBITION at the Victoria Gallery opens on the 24th inst. Mr. Stanley himself, having completed his book, will leave Cairo for Europe early next month. His first public lecture, after his own meetings at St. James's Hall, will be given at the Polytechnic on behalf of the fund for defraying the expenses of the building extension.

THE "CHAPEAU GAMELLE" and the "FLOT CONSCRIT" are the latest fashionable novelties in Paris, brought out for the benefit of fair Orleanist partisans. The bonnet suggests very faintly the shape of the soldier's provision-bowl, while the "flot" is a bunch of tri-coloured streamers, which can be attached to the shoulder of a ball-dress, or worn at the throat of a high bodice.

THE GOUFFÉ MURDER, in Paris, has been put upon the stage as a most thrilling drama at the Brussels Renaissance Theatre. The tragedy is reproduced in every detail, even to the strangling of the victim, and concludes with Eyraud's capture in America by a devoted friend of Gabrielle Bompard's parents. In reality, however, the police are still hunting for the murderer.

ever, the police are still hunting for the murderer.

THE SENSATIONAL EMIGRATION CASE in Galicia has ended in the conviction of exactly half of the sixty-two accused, after four months' trial. Those convicted are mostly petty Government officials, who swindled the ignorant peasants out of money for their passages, outfits, &c. The jury were locked up for two days to deliberate upon the 346 counts of the indictment, and attended a special Mass to pray for Divine guidance on their task. It seems very hard that the persons now found innocent have been imprisoned for a year and have lost their situations, so that their families are in for a year, and have lost their situations, so that their families are in sore distress.

A HANDSOME BIBLE FROM THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM has been presented to the Duchess of Fife. The gift was purchased by subscriptions limited to very small sums, and was handed to the Duchess by a deputation of six ladies, headed by Miss C. C. Stopford. Enclosed in a handsome casket of early Irish design, carved with quaint emblems of the Faith dating from the eleventh century, the Birle is ornamented with similar reproduceleventh century, the Bir e is ornamented with similar reproduc-tions of ancient Hibernian Art, while the green morocco binding is decorated with an interlaced pattern from the Book of Kells. Both Bible and casket are the work of Irish women.

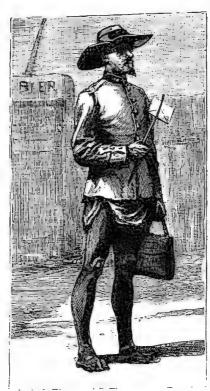
THE NATIONAL GALLERY has be n offered an important collection of sixty modern pictures, belonging to Mr. Tate, of Streatham, and worth 90,000%. The trustees wish to select certain works only, but Mr. Tate insists on the collection being accepted as a whole. Amongst the pictures are Sir J. Millais's "North-West Passage," "Vale of Rest," and the "Knight-Errant," together with works by Messrs, Hook, Orchardson, Linnell, Alma-Talema, Gow, Peter Graham, and Lady Butler, besides examples of Crome and Constable. Mr. Harry Furniss has also offered the Gallery his collection of illustrations of the works of modern artists, stipulatcollection of illustrations of the works of modern artists, stipulating like Mr. Tate, that they shall be hung at once and not stored away. Perhaps this is another "artistic joke."

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR took part in a most picturesque elephant procession during his late visit to Jeypore. As he entered the city, the whole route was lined by native troops in varied costumes, while the inhabitants crowded the streets and the fronts of the while the inhabitants crowded the streets and the fronts of the buildings, and drums, horns, and trumpets raised a tremendous din. The procession was opened by two gaily caparisoned elephants, with two men carrying banners. Then followed a body of wildlooking Nagas and native chiefs on beautiful horses, two companies of infantry headed by drummers, and more Nagas executing a quaint dance with naked swords, who immediately preceded the Prince. The Maharajah and Colonel Prideaux rode on either side of Prince. Albert Victor who was seated on a magnificent tusker. of Prince. The Maharajan and Colonic Tribuda are tusker, and attended by men on elephants decked with ox-tails and peacock plumes. Over twenty elephants followed in pairs, bearing the Prince's staff and high native officials.

Prince's staff and high native officials.

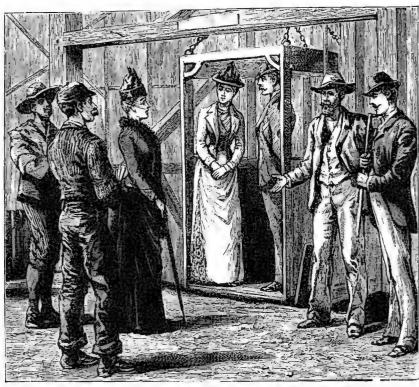
THE TWO PARIS SALONS have begun work in real earnest, but, while M. Meissonier's new Society is deciding already on the merits of the mass of pictures contributed, the old Association only receives the paintings for the Palais de l'Industrie this week. One of the most prominent works at the original Salon will be a portrait of President Carnot, by M. Bonnat, who is virtually the official painter to the Head of the State, having taken the likenesses both of M. Thiers and M. Grévy during their Presidency. M. Munkacsy also remains faithful to the old Salon, and will exhibit his colossal painting of the "Apotheosis of the Italian Renaissance," intended for the ceiling of the Historical Museum of Artat Vienna. The work represents the chief Italian painters, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, &c., gathered in the Temple of Glory, a figure of Fame hovering above, and distributing laurel wreaths. To the rival Society M. Meissonier will contribute "Napoleon at Jena," while many artists who have ignored the Champs Elysées Exhibition for some time past will be represented in the new venture. Another of the chief minor spring Exhibitions in Paris is now open, the colléction at the Cercle pring Exhibitions in Paris is now open, the colléction at the Cercle Volney, where only water-colours and drawings are shown this year. Though small, the display is particularly good. French artamateurs have formed a "Collectors' Society," whose members will combine to buy any particular picture or artistic object which in their opinion ought not to be lost to France. Such purchases will be kept in a special gallery, and will revert to the State should the Society be dissolved. Further, the Society will aid provincial Museums in their purchases, besides helping artists in distress. The Duc d'Aumale is the honorary President, and M. Antonin Proust the working head of the Society. LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The deaths

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,889 against 1,802 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 87, while the death-rate reached 22'3 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs were augmented by the severe cold of the beginning of the week, and advanced to 510, an increase of 18 and 7 above the average. The fatalities from influenza numbered 24, a rise of 1. There were 95 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 2), 35 from measles (an advance of 16), 19 from diphtheria (a fall of 5), 12 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 2), 9 from diarrhæa and dysentery (a decrease of 3) 4 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), and 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths, of which 20 were cases of suffocation in infants under a year old. There were 2,536 births registered, a decline of 24. There were 2,536 births registered, a decline of 24.

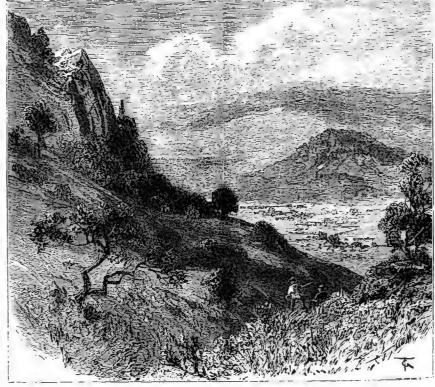




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TESTIMONIAL from Mrs. Kendal,

HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS,



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, it is reported, does not contemplate giving before Easter his decision in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln.—The Dean of Manchester, though a very high Churchman, has not added his voice to the chorus of protest raised by many clerics, holding his church-views, against the Primate's jur'sdiction in the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, At a recent meeting in Manchester of the English Church Union the Dean said, "I am one of those who hope much from the Lambeth trial. It seems to me clear that the Archbishop has boldly and worthily resolved upon a great experiment, with the object of letting the Church of England, if possible, speak for herself. Whatever the issue, we shall all be wiser when we have the judgment, with the assent—or otherwise—of his assessors."

assent—or otherwise—of ms assessors.

The Bishop of Truro will, it is said, return to his Diocese next month, and then decide whether he will or will not resign.

The Rev. Alfred R. Tucker, curate of St. Nicholas, Durham, has been nominated by the Primate to the Bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa, in succession to the late Bishop Parker, who succeeded the murdered Bishop Hannington.

THE VICAR OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON has announced that the "restoration" of the chancel of the purish church will close that portion of it for almost three months. A correspondent of the Times points out that this would be a serious disappointment to thousands points out that this would be a serious disappointment to thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world to the grave-stone and monument of Shakespeare who can visit it only once. Moreover, as no guarantee is given as to what will be done in the name of restoration when the public is shut out, he suggests it to be the duty of the Bishop, or the lay rectors, or the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or the Times, to intervene and watch, on behalf of the British public, the possible changes in this national monument. Is, he asks, such a monument as Shakespeare's church to be left to the mercy of a vicar (for life) and an anonymous local committee?

The Duke of NORFOLK has been re-elected President of the

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK has been re-elected President of the (Roman) Catholic Union of Great Britain.

A PROPOSAL has been broached by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers for a Free Church Congress, to consist of representatives of the different sections of English Nonconformity. Whilst proceeding on somewhat similar lines to the Church Congress, which meets from year to year, great care is taken in the proposal, the Nonconformist year to year, great care is taken in the proposal, the Nonconformits says, to prevent it from being in any way interpreted as a menace to the Established Church. One of its main purposes is described as the "welding together the Evangelical Nonconformity of England into one compact and united force." Representatives of various Nonconformits bodies have expressed sympathy with the movement.

Nonconformist bodies have expressed sympathy with the movement. A MOVEMENT, seemingly originating with Mrs. Humphry Ward, the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*, is being promoted to establish in London an institution, not expressly, but virtually, in support and furtherance of the religious views represented as held in his later career by the hero of that work. Among its other promoters are the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the Rev. Dr. Martineau, Professor James Drummond, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe, with two members of the aristocracy—the Countess Dowager Russell and the Earl of Carlisle.



ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

COLOURS

I.

Although some of its most accomplished members are not exhibitors, and others send only small and unimportant works, the present exhibition of the Institute contains at least an average amount of interesting matter. In landscapes and pictures of the sea, it is almost, if not quite as strong as usual, and among the numerous figure compositions there are several of rare merit. The veteran Vice-President, Mr. H. G. Hine, this year appears in greater force than ever before. His very large "Fittleworth Common, Sussex," occupying the place of honour in the central gallery, is an admirable example of his work, masterly in style, and showing a power of rendering soft, suffused light, vaporous atmosphere and space that could scarcely be surpassed. The same fine qualities are to be seen in his smaller "View near Harting" and in a glowing little sea coast study, "Evening," On either side of Mr. Hine's large work hangs an example of Mr. E. J. Gregory's novel and unconventional manner of treating female portraiture, on a very small scale. That called "A Step on the Step" is especially charming by reason of the spontaneous grace of the lady who has just been wakened from a reverie. Both, however, are marvels of minute and elaborate workmanship, tasteful in arrangement, and gem-like in their brilliancy of colour.

Mr. Frank Dadd has infused a great deal of dramatic spirit into his imaginary picture of eighteenth-century life called "Hawks Abroad." It represents two disguised highwaymen seited in a village inn, and furtively watching a young cavalier who is paying his bill. The figures are expressive in gesture, well grouped, and painted with breadth and decisive firmness of touch. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Hawks Dinna Pike Out Hawks' Een," showing two masked highwaymen meeting on a country road, is chiefly remarkable for the skilful way in which the horses are drawn and painted. Mr. Charles Green, who has faithfully depicted so many incidents described by Dickens, now shows us the members of "The Pickwick Club" in the artistic than the treatment of the rich mediæval costume. On the same wall hang a gracefully posed and well designed small "Sea-

Born Venus" by Mr. H. J. Stock; an excellent little low-toned interior, "An Irish Cabin," by Mr. Hugh Carter; and a "View of Dordrecht Water Gate," full of movement and daylight, and painted with firm dexterity by Mr. Claude Hayes.

Landscape and figures are represented in their right relations to each other in Mr. G. Weatherbee's picture of a shepherd returning from his work on "A Misty Evening." Although it recalls J. F. Millet's manner of treating similar subjects it cannot rightly be regarded as an imitation. A less known artist, Mr. Henry J. Dobson, shows distinct originality and a great deal of technical skill in a small picture representing a sympathetic old gentleman sented beside the bed of his dying friend and playing the violin, entitled "The Last Request." This painter's picturesque rustic interior, "The Spinning Wheel," though less interesting in subject, is noteworthy for its broad illumination and full-toned harmony of colour. Beside this hangs a highly-wought and quaintly conceived picture of classic life, "Claudia and Her Ravens," by Mr. John Scott. The girl lying on a tiger's skin has neither beauty of form nor grace of attitude, but the birds grouped about her are drawn and painted in excellent style. A skin has neither beauty of form nor grace of attitude, but the birds grouped about her are drawn and painted in excellent style. A frieze-like composition of many classically draped figures, "A Harvest Festival," by Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond, though too obviously an imitation of Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, shows a great deal of ability. The figures are graceful in movement, well-designed, and arranged with a fine sense of harmony of line. The picture, moreover, has refinement of colour to recommend it, and finished workmanship.

Mr. John Fulleylove has found in Rome abundant matter suited to his style. His "S. Maria del Popolo, from the Pincian," and his "Villa Medici" are as true in local colour and as artistic as any of his English pictures, and more luminous in tone than most of

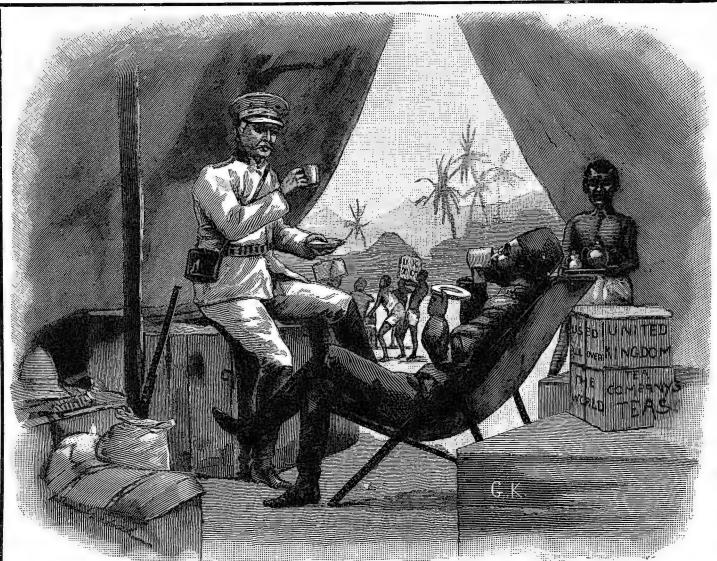
his "Villa Medici" are as true in local colour and as artistic as any of his English pictures, and more luminous in tone than most of them. Among other small works in the central room that should not pass unnoticed are M. Jules Lessore's "Entrance to College, Oxford," Mr. Harry Hine's "Fine Evening After a Stormy Day—Lincoln," Mr. C. Earle's "At Pagano's—Capri," a brilliant coloured sketch of "The Rialto," by Mr. R. Goff, and an admirable little sea study, "H.M.S. Devastation and Rodney," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY

MR. TOPHAM'S pictures have been removed from the Gallery in Vigo Street, and their place is now occup ed by a series of fifty small water-colour landscapes by another member of the Royal Institute, Mr. F. G. Cotman. They have been painted during the last year in various parts of Hampshire and Sussex, and they depict the wide undulating downs, the placid rivers, and richly-wooded valleys of those counties in a very artistic and evidently faithful manner. In two or three of them effects of twilight and sunset are valleys of those counties in a very artistic and evidently faithful manner. In two or three of them effects of twilight and sunset are well rendered; but it is in representing nature under the influence of bright daylight and calm atmosphere that Mr. Cotman most excels. The spacious view of "Christchurch, from St. Catherine's Hill," "A Sunny Afternoon—Romsey," and the brilliant little study of "Iford Bridge" are remarkably good works—more subtle in their quality of colour, and more complete than anything that we have seen by him. All the drawings show excellent taste in selection of subject and point of view, as well as careful study of nature and finished workmanship. finished workmanship.

EMIN PASHA, who is now at Zanzibar, will return to Bagamoya to arrange his scientific collections before leaving for Egypt at the end of the month.

GAS is to be introduced into Persia. The Shah has sent to Berlin for engineers and skilled workmen to establish gasworks in the large towns throughout his dominions.



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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE is so vast, and the specialism of the specialists so overwhelming, that we cannot in a "Rural" column allow a little book which has just reached us to pass unmentioned. It is a guide to the different sorts of grasses, and its object is to classify their leaf or blade characters, so that at any season of the year a grass growing in a pasture may be readily determined on the spot by the agriculturist himself without the aid of an expert in botany. It is just the thing that boys who love the country should read, for while most lads with a love of nature know the chief trees and shrubs, and almost all know a blackbird from a thrush, there are surprisingly few who can tell the meadow-grass from the vernal, or even the cock's-foot from rye-grass. This is really a matter of some surprise, for the hardness of botanical Latin does not here apply. Foxtail and bent, oat-grass anddog's tail, fescue and cock's-foot, rye-grass and cat's tail, yarrowand vernal, are all good English; some of them very good descriptive, names. The sweet scent of the vernal, the conspicuous flower of the yarrow, might at least have been expected to mark out these two sorts of meadow growths. But as a matter-of-fact it is only out and rye-grass that are at all generally recognised, and this is through their resemblance to two regular "crops." Mr. Macalpine is the author of the little guide in question.

tion.

HUNTERS AND HACKNEYS have drawn admiring crowds to Islington, for the English love of horses shows no signs of waning. The Shire horses filled the Hall well, yet the March Show suffered in no whit from the display of later February having closely preceded it. The three divisions of the Show were those of thoroughbred sires suitable for getting hunting stock, of mares which are also calculated to breed hunters, and the third, of hackneys. The principal English winners for hunters were Mr. W. Gilbey, L. de Rothschild, Burdett Coutts, N. Clark, the Earl of Durham, G. P. Finch, R. Taylor, Sir Robert Jardine, and Mr. T. Carr. For Scotland, Mr. R. J. Mann, Sir Robert Jardine, and Mr. W. Wilson. The Elsenham Cup, presented by Mr. Gilbey for the best hackney stallion, went to Mr. Moore for his Rufus. The Championship of the younger classes was found in Mr. F. I. Cooke's three-year-old horse Edgemont. The entries this year have numbered 457 against 388 in 1889, and 236 in 1888. The increase is chiefly in thoroughbred stallions and mares, and there are also more ponies.

THE BIRMINGHAM SHORTHORN SHOW, just held, was remarkable for the good display of useful bulls. The distribution of prizes was rather wider than on recent occasions, when Mr. Sheldon, of Braile, has had almost a walk over at this Midland Show. Gloucestershire and the Lake District, this year, sent the principal winners, and the success of Cumbrian and Westmoreland breeders was an analysing feature, as was the good show made by Cornwall.

and the success of Cumbrian and Westmoreland breeders was an encouraging feature, as was the good show made by Cornwall.

ABERDEEN ANGUS CATTLE are now so well established, and so popular a breed, that it is no wonder their exclusion from the prize sheet of the Royal Agricultural Society leads to indignant protests. One correspondent says:—"It was not an unnatural hope that after the splendid exhibition made by Aberdeen Angus breeders at Windsor last year (when the Council of the Royal seem to have

considered no expenditure of money too great for the occasion, and when it is admitted the Blackskins added much to the interest and to the educational merit of the display of live stock), the Prize Committee would have felt justified in giving to them the same encouragement as they do to strictly local breeds, such as Norfolk Polled and Sussex Cattle." The Royal just now seems to be very strangely steered, for it was only the other day that the Council were involved in a dispute with the Corporation of Windsor, who succeeded in exacting an apology. Then came a somewhat similar dispute with the Lord Mayor, and then a dispute with Leeds, which has finally refused to comply with the requirements of the Royal, and will accordingly be passed over-by them in 1891, when the Society visits Yorkshire. The Royal Show for that year will now probably take place at Doncaster.

The Dairy Farmers' Association have decided that their

now probably take place at Doncaster.

THE DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION have decided that their Annual Excursion this year shall be to Yorkshire, with Ripon as a centre, and Wensleydale, Stockton, Middlesborough, and Cleveland as the regions to be particularly explored. The small cheese farms of Wensleydale are to have attention, and the whole visit is being or guised in a very thorough manner. The Marquis of Ripon will preside at the chief gatherings.

preside at the chief gatherings. THE BRITISH DAIRY INSTITUTE at Aylesbury begin their cheese-making season next Monday. It is a very early date, but it appears that pupils are already waiting for instruction in this branch of dairying, and as there is every wish to take those who really mean to learn the effort will be made. Last season there were so many of the pupils entered for instruction who desired to learn the systems of soft cheese-making which are taught, that this year an instructor will teach the manufacture of one or two foreign varieties which are likely to sell well in this country. There is, we believe, a good opening in this direction. Chartreuse of the real flavour cannot be made from the addition to the spirit of any English herbs, nor can we produce the wines of the Garonne by the banks of the Medway, or even of more southern Teign. But there are no such insuperable difficulties attaching to the production on English soil of Gorgonzola, of Camembert, or even of Roquefort cheese. And all these foreign sorts find a considerable market. THE BRITISH DAIRY INSTITUTE at Aylesbury begin their cheeseall these foreign sorts find a considerable market.

all these foreign sorts find a considerable market.

The Scotch Spring Sales just over have not given the satisfactory results which were looked for. A by-sale at Aberdeen was remarkable for the large number of young bulls offered at a comparatively low price. Buyers were backward, and 70 out of 265 young bulls were unsold. Inverness did better, especially for shorthorns, but at Perth shorthorns met with a dull sale, except the special bulls from Lord Lovat's farms. These averaged 421. 5s. a head. At Forres 45 young shorthorn bulls fetched an average of 201. 5s. 7d. a-piece, which was not a big price. At Elgin 22 fetched 201. 16s. 7d. a-piece, which was rather better. There has been a fairly good demand for cows and heifers of a good class, but prices as compared with last spring have been more often lower than higher as compared with last spring have been more often lower than higher on the year.

MARCH WEATHER NOTES.—The month came in with greater cold than had prevailed since the New Year. At Beckenham 25 deg, of frost were registered on the grass; in London 15 deg, at Greenwich and 17 deg, at Regent's Park. Remarkably cold weather for that warm and showery region prevailed in Cornwall and Scilly. The flower gardens of Tresco and St. Mary's were threatened by a fall of the thermometer to 39 deg., but the menace passed, and by the 8th sunshine and warmth had again asserted their power, to be followed by warm rain. The old advice on St. David's Day to "put oats and barley in the clay" was not taken this year on the actual date as the ground was too frozen; but a week later it began to find acceptance, as did the counsel to put in MARCH WEATHER NOTES .- The month came in with greater

peas at the same time. A certain quantity of beans were put in during the last fortnight of February. The night of the 8th in London and many other places was extremely windy, but it was not the typical easterly drying breeze of the month. The gale blew strong from the south-west, and brought with it plenty of rain. We have not yet repeated our observations of three previous years, which run: 1874, March 8th, first butterfly seen on the wing (G. Rhanni); 1879, March 9th, ditto (G. Rhanni and V. Urticæ); 1870, March 10th, ditto (G. Rhanni). The yellow pinions of the Brimstone are as sure an English herald of spring as are the yellow daffodils of the garden. daffodils of the garden.



11.

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER contributes to the Century for March an article, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, on "Gloucester Cathedral." Of Gloucester, this lady observes that it is quaint, but lively—the antique and the modern living on side by side, in a union as different from the dead-yesterday-mood of many continental cities, as from the crule to-day of America. Here we feel what the crule to-day of America and instances in a very many-sided way, and just as more than the crule to-day of America.

cities, as from the crule to-day of America. Here we feel what England really means in a very many-sided way; and, just as we should wish, the Cathedral is typically English in general effect, yet distinctly individual and local in all its parts.—Mr. John La Farge's "From Tokio to Nikko: An Artist's Letters from Japan," maintains the promise of the first instalment, and is accompanied by some taking illustrations of Japanese rustic scenery.

There is a supplement to Harper for March, entitled "The Making of a Great Magazine," which consists of an inquiry into the past and the future of Harper's Magazine, and contains specimen illustrations and a partial analysis of the contents in recent years. The conductors of the periodical especially pride themselves on having been the means of introducing many distinguished English writers to the American public. They tell us that "Bleak House," and the famous Dickens "Christmas Stories," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend," appeared in Harper, besides Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip," his "Denis Duval —not to speak of works by Bulwer, George Eliot, and Trollope.

"Australia from Another Point of View," in Macmillan, is scarcely complimentary to our kinsfolk at the Antipodes, though it is to be

"Australia from Another Point of View," in Macmulan, is searcely complimentary to our kinsfolk at the Antipodes, though it is to be feared that the contentions of the writer rest on a certain basis of fact. The writer maintains that the privilege of lending them money is the one return that we can expect from the Australian colonies. They are unwilling to receive our emigrants, they do their best to exclude our manufactures, and they are ready at all times to embroil us with foreign Powers for the petty, ephemeral and their statesmen. All this and much more does this writer. times to embroil us with foreign Powers for the petty, ephemeral ends of their statesmen. All this, and much more, does this writer bring in charge against Australians.—Mr. George Saintsbury has a good literary paper on "Twenty Years of Political Satire;" and there is an amusing article of the same type on "The Naming of Novels;" while Mr. Rudyard Kipling gives us another capital Indian story, "The Courting of Dinah Shadd."

Temple Bar's biographical paper this month is on "Edward Fitzgerald;" while it also contains two good descriptive articles, "Notes on Stockholm" and "The True History of Milford."

In the Newbery House Magazine, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams begins a biographical series of articles entitled "Eminent Churchmen." The first part deals with the life and work of Keble.



THIS is our friend who doesn't know

there is a cure for Neuralgia. Poor fellow! so he sits there and hates himself and everybody, even his mother-in-law, while he hugs his face with hot cloths, and occasionally says swear words. He says Neuralgia is a thing to read about, not to experience, and he is going to have all his false teeth out, 'o see if that won't stop it; if he would only invest 2s. 6d. in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil his Neuralgia would leave him at once, for St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia instantly; it never fails.

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Mr. FURNIVAL, Master, British Schools, Marshfield, says: -- "Having suffered from neuralgia, I was quickly and permanentiy cured by one application of St. Jacobs Oil, after all other remedies had failed."

L. A. Cowar, Chemist, of Church Street, Medhurst, says:-"I had an opportunity a few days ago of sceing St. Jacobs Oil used in a case of facial neuralgia, and I must say that the effect was instantaneous, the pain entirely disappearing in a few minutes."

For more than nine months Mr. HARRY L. AGNUE, carpenter in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, suffered from neuralgia in the head. He could obtain no relief, but a few applications of St. Jacob's Oil removed all pain

Mr. T. Bann, 45, Stonebid Street, Anfield, Liverpool, says :--"I have tried St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia, and the pain left me after one rubbing."

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How now, Horny Hand,
Toling in the Crowd,
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That they scornest me and mine,
Leoking down so proud?
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SHAKESPEARE "Come the four corners of the world in arms.

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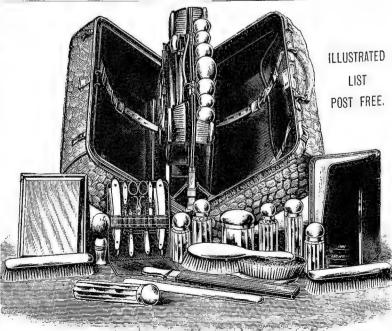


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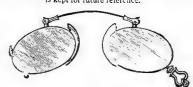
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Captain Charles King contributes its "complete story" to this month's Lippincott.—Mr. Marshall P. Wilder has a lot of pleasant things to say about us under the heading "Our English Cousins." He observes in one place: "Instead of being glum and unhappy, as most of our tourists imagine them, the English give more time and attention to their enjoyments than any other respectable people in the world. They do not respect excitement like some Americans. and attention to their enjoyments than any other respectable people in the world. They do not crave excitement like some Americans, but genuine enjoyment—rest for the body, and gratification for the eye and palate, they do love, and they spare no efforts to obtain it."—The Hon. Roden Noel writes prettily in a poem of "Love."

"Love."

There is a bright little paper in the English Illustrated, by Mr. Grant Allen, on "A Submerged Village," describing Llanwddyn, now swallowed up by the devouring waters of the Vyrnwy Lake. The illustrations of the vanished hamlet-valley, by Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner, have a pathetic interest.—Mr. Arthur J. Knowles has a useful short article on "The Forth Bridge;" and there are those to whom Mrs. J. E. Panton's illustrated contribution on "Cats and Kittens" will be good reading.

Mr. Ernest Bromlev's picture. "Saved." forms the frontispiece of

Mr. Ernest Bromley's picture, "Saved," forms the frontispiece of the Magazine of Art.—Mr. Edward F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., gives us an agreeable article on "Winter in the Country," illustrated from his own drawings.—Of a more urban interest is "The Imperial Country," in the Country, "In the Imperial Country," in the Imperial Country, "In the Imperial Country, "In the Imperial Country," in the Imperial Country, "In the Imperial Country

Institute," by Sir Somers Vine, with five illustrations by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect.

Institute," by Sir Somers Vine, with five illustrations by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect.

The domestic subject chosen by Mr. Frederick Dolman (whose article on "Lady Hallé" in last month's issue we erroneously attributed to Mrs. Frederick Dolman), for his paper in the Woman's World this month is "Lady Sandhurst At Home." Lady Sandhurst comes of a Conservative family—the Fellowes, of Shotesham Park, Norfolk—and she pathetically remarked to the writer as he was bidding her good-bye, "I don't know what some of my older friends think of me; very dreadful things, I dare say."—A question of chronic importance and worry is ably discussed by Miss Alice King under the heading, "A Word About Mistresses and Servants."

In Atalanta Miss L. Toulmin Smith has "Two Extremes in Russia," in which, among the rest, the charms of the Crimea are recommended to the attention of roving English tourists.—Mrs. Creighton writes well on "Home Education."

L'Algèrie Artistique is the title of an illustrated review published by M. Gervais Courtellement, of Algiers. The first number before

by M. Gervais Courtellement, of Algiers. The first number before us promises well for the whole work. In the course of the year the us promises well for the whole work. In the course of the year the matter will amount to some three hundred pages of letterpress, and there will appear from a hundred to a hundred and fifty vignettes, with about forty-eight photogravures. They will illustrate land-scapes, historic monuments, and indigenous human types. The price for the year's numbers is forty-six francs.

We have received No. 9 of Dignitaries of the Church, which contains this month well-executed portraits of the Bishop of Albany, Bishop Crowther, and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn. It is published by Messrs. Hatchard, and its price is half-a-crown. It is a very

by Messrs. Hatchard, and its price is half-a-crown. It is a very handsomely-mounted production.

A serial publication of a very similar character is Our Celebrities, a portrait gallery of which this March number is the twenty-first. We have here fine pictures of the Duke of Orleans, Mr. Ritchie, and Canon Farrar. It is edited by Walery, photographer to the Queen, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Its price, too, is half-a-crown.

Messrs. H. Grevel and Co. publish, in monthly parts at a shilling each, the Classical Picture Gallery. Each number contains some dozen prints from works of old masters, chiefly of foreign



-Backers of horses with doubtful entries were put THE TURF.—Backers of horses with doubtful entries were put out of their misery before the end of last week. Modèle is duly entered, it appears, for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and Why Not for the Grand National. But Roquefort, Gamecock, and Dictator are disqualified for the latter event, and L'Abbesse de Jouarre for the former and several other races. At the time of writing, Ilex was still favourite for the Grand National, and Sweetbriar for the Lincolnshire.

Lincolnshire.

Several well-known performers took part in the races at Kempton Several well-known performers took part in the races at Kempton Park, which, after being postponed from Tuesday, March 4th, duly came off on Saturday and Monday last. The principal event on the first day was the Champion Hurdle Handicap, which attracted sixteen runners. Of these, the best proved to be Captain L. H. Jones's Theodolite, a son of Arbitration and Miss Theo, and a worthy half-brother to Theosophist and Theophilus. Papyrus was second and Castilian third. In the Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap Lohnny Longtail defeated his solitary opponent. Swinton. worthy half-brother to Theosophist and Theophilus. Papyrus was second and Castilian third. In the Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap Johnny Longtail defeated his solitary opponent, Swinton. Next day Gamecock showed a touch of his old form in the March Handicap Steeplechase, and Bellona (whose entry for the Grand National, by the way, seems to be all right) cut down a big field in the Littleton Handicap Hurdle Race. At Croydon on Tuesday the principal event was the Grand International Hurdle Race, in which Waterproof, Promoter, and Brownie were the placed horses; while on Wednesday the Wickham Hurdle Race fell to Papyrus, and in the United Kingdom Steeplechase Gamecock was again successful.—A Midnight Steeplechase, the competitors being clothed in the orthodox white nightshirts, is said to have been run on Monday near Melton Mowbray.—In the current number of the New Review Lord Durham replies to the somewhat optimistic remarks on the subject of the turf recently made by Mr. James Lowther. We are quite with his lordship in his attack upon assume I names. Either racing is a disreputable pursuit or it is not. If it is, then no one should have anything to do with it; if it is not, then no one should have anything to do with it; if

colours.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry R. Villiers, father of the well-known special artist of *The Graphic*, Mr. F. Villiers. He was a keen enthusiast for sport, and was greatly respected in racing and other circles.

greatly respected in racing and other circles.

FOOTBALL.—In the London Association Senior Challenge Cup Competition the Old Westminsters on Saturday defeated the Royal Arserial in the final tie by a goal to love. As last year, the "final" of the Cup will be fought out between a Lancashire and Midland Club, as in the penultimate ties last Saturday the Blackburn Rovers (winners in 1884-5-6) defeated Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Sheffield Wednesday (a further protest against whom by Notts County had been dismissed) Bolton Wanderers. Of other matches we may note that the Corinthians (who were disappointed of some of their best players) went down for the second time this season before Preston North End, that Stoke has dispossessed Burnley from holding the "wooden spoon" of the League, and that, as usual, Charterhouse has beaten Westminster.—Rugbywise we may note that, for the third year in succession, the Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup has gone to St. Thomas's, who, on Tuesday, defeated "Bart's" in the final; that Blackheath (though without Stoddart, who hopes, however, to be well enough to play against Stoddart, who hopes, however, to be well enough to play against Ireland to-day) defeated Manchester, and that Salford went down before Swinton.

-Coles, the Champion of the Midlands, who has BILLIARDS.—Coles, the Champion of the Midlands, who has come to live in London, did a remarkable performance last week. He played twelve 500-up games with Collins spot-barred, and won them all. Roberts made mincemeat of Mitchell, who, owing to an injury to his arm, was in no sort of form. This week the Champion is endeavouring to give Richards 5,000 in 15,000 on a Champion-ship table. On the very first day he broke a record by making twenty-six consecutive spot-strokes. He is also matched to give Peall 4,500 out of 12,000 on an ordinary table, spot-barred. The latter is this week playing Dowland at the Aquarium. latter is this week playing Dowland at the Aquarium.

ROWING.—Both the University eights are now upon the Thames; and both crews will row in boats built by Clasper, who has usually been the favoured maker of late years.—Matterson and Kemp met for the Sculling Championship of the World on April 25th. The winner will then have to tackle O'Connor, who has arrived in Sydney.

who has arrived in Sydney.

FISHING.—In view of the claim put forward by a lady to the exclusive right of angling in Bray Reach, a Committee has been formed to protect the rights of the public and fight the case. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. J. D. M. Pearce, the Mayor of Maidenhead, or paid into the Thumes Angling Defence Fund account at the London and County Bank.

MISCELLANEOUS,—Lord Dunraven has received two challenges from American yacht-owners for a race against the Valkyrie, which is now being prepared for her summer campaign.—Cambridge defeated Oxford at golf.—An athletic contest between Cambridge and the United Hospitals resulted in the Light Blues winning eight out of pine events. This looks well for their chances against eight out of nine events. This looks well for their chances against

Oxford on the 25th.



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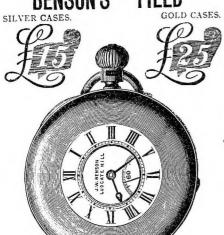
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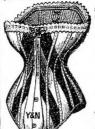
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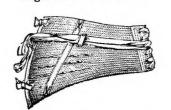
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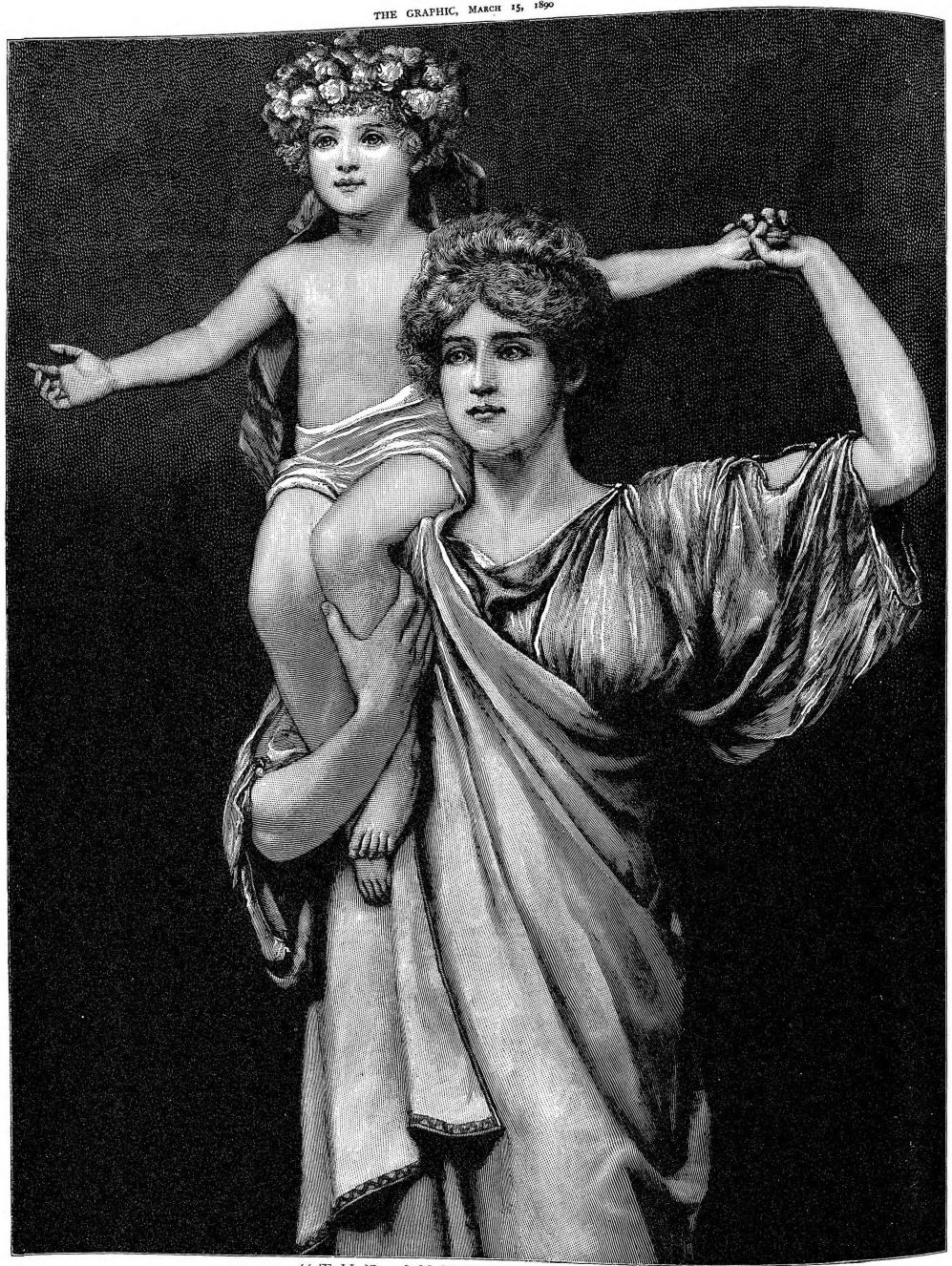
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